

APRIL, 1923

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

The National Women's Party

Edward Warren Joyce

Modern Biologists and Race Betterment

John McGuinness

The Pride of Life - - - Maurice Hart

Democracy and Social Reconstruction

Rev. R. A. McGowan

With The Passionists in China

With
Our Junior
SIGN-ERS



The Appeal of
Jesus
Crucified

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A NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MONTHLY MAGAZINE
WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

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A Duty At Your Door

To the Readers of THE SIGN.
My Dear Friends:

Last month I wrote you some lines for your own soul. This month I ask you to think of somebody else's soul.

This is a letter, not a sermon, though it concerns one of the shortest and best sermons ever preached. The Preacher was our Lord.

To St. Luke (chapter 16) we are indebted for the sermon:

There was a certain rich man who was clothed in purple and fine linen, and feasted sumptuously every day. And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, who lay at his gate, full of sores, desiring to be filled with the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table, and none did give him; moreover, the dogs came, and licked his sores. And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom. And the rich man also died: and he was buried in hell.

Note the contrast. Lazarus is a beggar, covered with sores and hungry. The other man, whose name our Lord doesn't think worth mentioning, is rich, is elegantly clothed and lives in luxury.

Both died. Lazarus was carried by angels into paradise! The rich man was buried in hell!

So far as we know, the rich man was good in many ways. He wasn't a liar, or an adulterer, or a murderer. No word is said about his having gotten his money dishonestly. Probably he inherited it or made it lawfully. Probably, also, he may have been a public benefactor or even a philanthropist.

But he made one great big mistake--He neglected a duty at his door. That duty was Lazarus.

Now for somebody else's soul.

Until quite recently China was a far-off country of which we knew little and for which we cared less.

But our heroic American Missionaries have brought China to our door. Lazarus is back again, and this time we (you and I) are the rich man.

We are rich in the Knowledge of the One, True God. We are rich in the possession of our Catholic Faith and the marvellous Sacraments of Christ.

We are rich also in the material means by which this Knowledge, this Faith, these Sacraments can be brought within the reach of others whose poverty and wretchedness are of the soul and all the more distressing because of that.

LAZARUS IS BACK AGAIN. THERE'S A DUTY AT OUR DOOR!

Faithfully yours in Christ,

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

P. S. There's a follow-up to this letter. You'll find it on page 3 of the advertising section.

The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. II.

APRIL, 1923

No. 9

Current Fact and Comment

The Easter Miracle

At each recurring Easter Jesus Christ discards the purple robe and the crown of mockery and stands forth resplendent, true God, Almighty, Eternal, Omniscient, the Judge of the living and the dead.

In mysterious, patient silence He seems to allow men to bear Him into oblivion and to set a sealed stone against His tomb.

Thus men in every age have arisen to shout denial of Him. Proud men, libertines, impatient of restraint upon their reason and passions, have ceaselessly uttered the monotonous cry of rejection and He has borne with them for a time. Weak souls have mistaken their vehemence for conviction or have been charmed by their rhetoric and, failing to examine the motives or the foundation of their mental processes, have shared the dejection of the disciples in that darkest hour before the dawn: "We had hoped that it was He who would have redeemed Israel."

From Arius to Renan, from Julian to Voltaire, and in our own time, has He suffered Himself to be hated, defied, tolerated. Yet their very denial of Him promptly summoning the faithful to his defense has kept faith in His Godhead clearly defined from the beginning and free from the distortions of legend and error.

And so Easter brings Him again to us in undiminished splendor; doubt and dismay give place to joy and exultation.

This great miracle is a warning not only to those who in hatred blaspheme Him, but to those

also who benignly tolerate Him or give Him the highest rank as a creature. There can be no compromise. Loyalty to Him is not a matter of mere esteem and condescension. Only in the narrowest interpretation of "He who is not with Me is against Me" is there security.

The Ancient Tombs

THE discovery of the tomb of Tutankhamen was coincident with the centenary of the birth of Giovanni Battista De Rossi. The historic significance of the Egyptian discovery aroused widespread interest. The public was quickly supplied with excellent photographs of the excavated chambers and their weird contents. It is strange that what the camera represents as very much like the toys of a race of giant children or the household effects of an evicted bourgeois family should have caused so much awe and emotion in the actual eyewitnesses. Still there may have been enough evidence of splendor preserved as to move the beholder to address that ancient civilization:

"When all that tint and melody and breath,
Which in their lovely unison art thou,
Shall be dispersed upon the whirling sands!"

De Rossi is the real discoverer of the Christian "Roma Sotterranea." He penetrated the strata that had accumulated during the centuries of devastation attending the invasions of Goths and Vandals and revealed evidences of Christian faith and practice identical with the thriving spiritual life of the Eternal City. De Rossi very early showed a genius for archæology and that genius was fostered by ex-

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tensive travel and association with the noted archaeologists of all countries. He easily merited the title of prince of Christian archaeologists. His faith and piety were revealed in his daily attendance at Mass and frequent reception of Holy Communion. He died in 1894 and the fruit of his self-sacrifice and devotion may be observed not only in his own discoveries and their elucidation, but also in the zeal and sound scholarship with which his disciples are carrying on his work.

Skulls Of Bronze And Of Brass

THOUSANDS of school children visiting the American Museum of Natural History pass before a bronze bust there and are deliberately left with the impression that it represents a reality—a creature half ape and half human. There is little or no intimation of the fictitious character of the thing. That Professor Osborne and his directors should be thus calmly allowed to use a popular educational institution for deceptive propaganda is past comprehension. Mr. Alfred McCann has addressed to the editor of the *N. Y. Globe* some further comments on that handful of bones called *Pithecanthropus Erectus* and on the aforesaid "likeness" of him.

"Professor Osborne never saw this Javanese ape-man. It is true he possesses a bronze bust of what he thinks the creature would have looked like had he really existed. The justification of this bronze bust is based upon the discovery by Eugene Dubois, an associate of Ernest Haeckel, of the piece of the roof of a gibbon's skull in 1891 near Trinil, Java. During the same year on the same island, two human molar teeth and a human thigh bone were discovered. Four years later, at the Third International Congress of Zoologists at Leyden, Dubois put all the unrelated bones together and said: 'Here we have a creature with human legs, human teeth and the skull of an ape, showing that it possessed characteristics of each, and being therefore (!) half ape and half man, the creature must be regarded as the missing link connecting the human race with the simian.'"

"The gibbon is found on the islands of Sumatra, Borneo and Java. Man also lives on these islands. Thus Dubois' attempt to compound these flimsy bone fragments of two separate creatures into one creature not only does violence to reason, but its acceptance demands an act of faith in the authority of Professor Osborne which the embarrassing contradiction of the latter's book refuse to sustain.

"Challenging the good faith of the discoverer himself, we have the disquieting fact that he has hidden the bones from the gaze of all men, including all the

professors of palaeontology in Europe and America... Not only is the question of great antiquity a sadly muddled one, but all the evidence would be accepted in any court of law as conclusive proof that *Pithecanthropus* never existed in the first place."

Converting The Latins

OUR brethren in China have had words only of commendation for the Protestant missionaries with whom they have come in contact there. This is in contrast with the attitude of Protestant missionaries in Central and South American countries. The latest issue of the *Latin American Evangelist* is a distressing record of distorted facts, falsehood and hatred for things Catholic. It is inconceivable that men ardently engaged in spreading the Gospel of Christ can sincerely believe the statements they incorporate in their appeals to the home folks for "prayers and gifts." For example: "The Roman Church looks upon the Gospel of Jesus Christ with disdain." "The Jesuits have always plotted against the institutions of free peoples." "Within recent months Protestant missionaries have laid down their lives at the hands of mobs instigated by the priests." The population of Venezuela is given as *three* millions and later on it is claimed that "there are *millions* there who have never heard the pure Gospel." The editor makes himself responsible for the statement that the exiled Archbishop of Guatemala actually instigated attempts to murder Protestant evangelists and sharply resents the venerable prelate's appeal to this "great Protestant nation" to inspire the rulers of Guatemala with ideas of justice and religious liberty. This editor needs to be reminded that this is not a Protestant nation, either numerically or by adoption, but that is the least obnoxious of his misstatements.

If the charity of Christ urged these strangely zealous emissaries, they would weigh the greater difficulty of bringing their message, not to a heathen people like the Chinese, but to peoples already possessing a Christian heritage, and they would confine themselves to fair means in attaining their end. They would not leave the impression that it were better had the Incas never been disturbed and that the tremendous labors and sacrifices of the Spanish missionaries were quite fruitless. Confronting a deeply religious and emotional people and proposing that these substitute their ancient traditions for a

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religion of the hallelujah sort, they would not so promptly take occasion from the resentment created to resort to misrepresentation. This misrepresentation is directed chiefly against the Catholic clergy. It is quite likely that the clergy takes sides with the peace-loving populace against unjustifiable revolution, but this is promptly interpreted as fostering sedition. That these modern evangelists should welcome the flattery and support of Latin Freemasonry is as incomprehensible as the motives and purposes of their presence there at all.

Misery in the Ruhr

HERE has reached us an appeal "to all who stand for justice, peace and reconciliation" drawn up by the Catholic organizations of the Rhineland and approved by Cardinal Schulte, Archbishop of Cologne. Our interest is promptly aroused when we are reminded that "the alienation of that part of Germany is threatened in which German Catholicism ever had its main intellectual and material supports," and that "the French stroke against the German Empire would thus, if successful, which God forbid, become the most dreadful assault upon the Catholic Church of Germany." There follows a piteous close-at-hand description of the ruinous consequences to ecclesiastical life from the burden of reparations and the depreciation of the currency and from the impoverishment of the parishes and the threatened sweeping away of charitable and social institutions. Solemn protest is uttered against the danger to morals especially through the prompt establishment of public brothels. "And must it not be a deadly insult to the honest pride of a people of such ancient Christian civilization as the Rhinelanders are, to behold themselves amid the grand monuments of two thousand years of Christian culture overawed by the bayonets of uncivilized heathen and Mohammedan soldiers?" Our sympathy is craved for the victims of famine, poverty and disease, and for the grief-stricken old families who are forced to sell for a pittance their treasured heirlooms in order to find wherewith to feed and clothe themselves.

Finally it is asked what are we who profess to stand for justice, peace and reconciliation going to do about it? We can confidently trust that the God of justice, disregarding human aims, will without long delay bring out of this imbroglio a solution in

favor of the guiltless. In His mysterious Providence the innocent often bear the brunt of evils for which the wicked are mainly responsible. The motives and ambitions that inspired Germany upon entering the Great War were the fruit of apostasy and of a philosophy altogether alien to the gentle and contented natives of the Rhineland. Taking this view we may consistently co-operate with every measure for the relief of the distress described and incidentally for the welfare of souls and of religion.

"The Home that Budget Built"

WE should not confound the idolatry of money condemned by the Apostle with that thrift which secures a comfortable livelihood for oneself and dependents. Thrift implies system and a certain ambition regarding the necessities and comforts of life. And the lack of it, especially where dependents are concerned, is liable to be culpable. A large department store in New York City has instituted a free budget service on unique lines. It is designed to educate improvident people as to the relation of earning, spending and saving. In this store is erected "The Little Home That Budget Built" laid out in apartments of four and five rooms and arranged to show how they can be economically equipped according to various salaries or incomes. How to live and to maintain such a home is demonstrated by suggested budgets for single persons and for families. Here is the budget proposed for a family with an annual income of \$3,600:

Rent (including gas, electric and water supply, etc.	19%	=	\$684.00
Food	23%	=	828.00
Clothing	17%	=	612.00
Recreation and Advancement	11%	=	396.00
Maintenance and labor.....	16%	=	576.00
Miscellaneous	4%	=	144.00
Savings	10%	=	360.00
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\$3,600.00			

The singular advantage of a budget is that it encourages foresight and resolution. It thereby eliminates waste. It also fosters commendable ambition. The income mentioned above may fairly be taken as a minimum considering the opportunities

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presented by economic conditions to-day. Too many of our people remain contented with what chance brings them, while others through thrift and sacrifice eventually get possession of the better jobs. We must add that good order and relief from undue anxiety about material things directly exert a wholesome spiritual influence upon the home and its inmates.

The "Historical" Christ

WHEN religious controversy is moved forward to the newspaper front page, it is conceivable that ordinary folk will be confronted by radical statements, often refuted, but novel to them and disturbing to their faith. Hampered by wilful or invincible ignorance of the grave matters freely discussed, they may yield to the suspicion that the radicals have truth and sanity on their side. In these periodical uprisings of irreligion the character and mission of Christ are invariably attacked and it is gratuitously assumed that the radical views are uniformly shared by those who have the opportunities of higher education. That this suspicion should rather be directed against the malevolent motives and persistent claims of the modernists may be deduced from recent remarks of Prof. J. Gresham Machen of the Princeton Theological Seminary:

"Christianity regards Jesus as a supernatural person. In doing so it appeals to the Gospels and to all the New Testament books. It is supposed by the naturalistic historians that we must get back of the portrait in the Gospels to a real, an historical Jesus, whose lineaments have in the Gospels been almost hopelessly defaced; we must disentangle the real Jesus, it is said, from the tawdry ornamentation of miracle which has been hung about Him in the Gospels by naive and unintelligent admirers.

"The modern world has put its very best efforts into this 'quest of the historical Jesus.' There has perhaps been no more brilliant chapter in the history of the human spirit. It has been a brilliant effort, but it has also been a failure. . . History knows nothing about the mild-mannered Galilean teacher admired by the modern liberal church. It knows only a stupendous person, who made claims which for any other man would have been blasphemous or absurd; claims, however, which for Him were only sober truth."

Catholic Students Mission Crusade

THAT energetic organization, the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, announces that at its annual meeting at Notre Dame University in August, besides a general program of mission activities for students in the United States, there will be considered the question of international affiliation. Rev. Paul Regan, M.S., of Fribourg, Switzerland, will attend the Convention as the representative of the Swiss students and as a delegate from the Pax Romana, a mission society that is organized throughout Europe. The C. S. M. C., a product of the remarkable general impulse in this country favoring the foreign missions, is a peculiarly commendable activity considering the substantial aid it imparts the missionaries and the abiding interest it creates in all apostolic works.

The Inadequate Sunday School

AN Episcopalian organ, referring to the steady advance of Week-Day Religious Instruction in co-operation with the public schools, states that eighty cities in twenty-four dioceses now grant school time for children to attend schools of religious instruction. On request of local pastors, avowing that the movement does not aim "to bring religion into the Public School, but to reintegrate it into the life of the child," the Board of Education allows a weekly period out of school hours for the children to go to their own church buildings for religious instruction. Children who attend no Sunday School may have their parents choose any church for them.

This movement should not concern Catholics beyond its conveying the assurance that the purpose and efforts of the Church educating the child in view of its responsibilities to both God and country are being emulated by others. But we call the attention of certain Catholics to the actuating cause of this movement among Protestants for the better religious instruction of youth. It is not only the fact that no religious instruction may be imparted in the public schools, but the general realization that the Sunday School is altogether inadequate.

The National Woman's Party

EDWARD WARREN JOYCE

AT last it has happened! The long-awaited release of woman from the thralldom of man's mastery has come. Led by a female Moses newly risen in the East, the great Exodus has begun and woman, the bond-slave for centuries, has begun her march into the Promised Land. Sound the tocsin, peal forth the alarum, for the joyful day of days is at hand! Spread the good news far and wide; a new era is upon us! Have you not heard? Surely you have read it in the newspapers. Woman is FREE—or will be as soon as the National Woman's Party can accomplish this object—even without her consent.

It all happened in this way. A number of our "leading women," having become quite dissatisfied with man's way of managing the world in general, decided in grand conclave assembled that they would put an end to his one-sided form of misgovernment by becoming a factor in politics on their own account. Led by their fearless champion and founder, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, who boasts that she was "one of the first women in America who dared to get a divorce from an influential man," the Party has proclaimed a new Declaration of Independence for womankind and, incidentally, leaves no grounds for doubt as to its principles or policies.

To quote at random from a published article by Mrs. Belmont: "Men have always obstructed and suppressed the intellect of one half of the human race. Men have always kept women in subjection. Men used to put women in a harem; now they put them in a home. Perhaps there is something very glorious about being a helpmate, but if so it's time some man shared that glory. Women are beginning to feel very bitter toward the church or the men who control it. We are required to acknowledge man as our spiritual superior. Men say all priests must be men. We might retort that all priests shall be women. Unless the men of the church realize definitely our claims, we shall have to have our own priesthood."

There you have it! Woman shall be man's equal! But, lest it appear that we are concerned with the effusions of their high-priestess alone, it will be well to consider the official pronouncements

of the National Woman's Party as expressed in their Declaration of Principles, adopted November 11, 1922. While delicacy forbids discussion of some of their "principles" we can quote a few in order to clarify the subject. They demand:

"That women shall no longer be regarded . . . as inferior to men, but the equality of the sexes shall be recognized.

That women shall no longer be barred from any occupation on . . . and restrictions upon the hours, conditions and remuneration of labor shall apply alike to both sexes.

That women shall no longer be barred from the priesthood or ministry, or any position of authority in the church . . .

That a woman shall no longer be required by law or custom to assume the name of her husband upon marriage, but shall have the same right as a man to retain her own name after marriage.

That the headship of the family shall no longer be in the husband alone, but shall be equally in the husband and wife."

These few extracts from their official decalogue make their purpose clear, and damns the National Woman's Party as a dangerous radical organization, absolutely un-Christian and un-American! For, though they may imagine their motives to be as lofty as mind can conceive, their avowed object is the violation of the laws of God and of nature and the very disruption of the family, which alone is the unit on which the State is founded!

WHENCE do they derive their principles? Whence comes this asinine drivel about woman's "subjection"? Do they humor themselves with the thought that they live under such conditions as obtained in ancient Rome, when woman was a slave indeed? What is this talk of woman's subservience? If their claims be true, then indeed we live in a pagan society and it were high time that steps be taken to ameliorate conditions. Have they any acquaintance with Christianity at all? Have they ever heard of it? The root of the trouble appears to lie there!

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What is this talk of woman sharing the headship of the family equally with the husband? Is it possible to have a circle without a centre—or an organization without a head? Obviously not, for even the Woman's Party has a president. Has Nature no voice in the matter? Has an all-wise Creator not spoken on such an important issue? Both God and the natural law have uttered their verdict in no uncertain terms, but what care such as these self-styled leaders for the laws of either God or nature.

CATHOLIC women are reminded that there is no room for argument in such matters.

In the words of St. Paul (Ephesians V 22-23): "Let women be subject to their husbands as to the Lord because the husband is the head of the wife as Christ is the head of the Church. Therefore, as the Church is subject to Christ, so also let the wives be to their husbands in all things. Husbands, love your wives as Christ loved the Church and delivered himself for it. He that loveth his wife loveth himself. This is a great sacrament, but I speak in Christ and in the Church."

The true Catholic view of the family and its holy relationships is clearly expressed in the *Catholic Encyclopedia* (Vol. V, p. 783): "Because of these qualities of permanence and unity the Christian family implies a real and definite equality of husband and wife. The wife is neither the slave nor the property of the husband, but his consort and companion. The particular functions of husband and wife in the family are determined by their different natures. Being the provider of the family and the superior of his wife both in physical strength and in those mental and moral qualities which are appropriate to the exercise of authority, the husband is naturally the family's head. . . This does not mean that the wife is the husband's slave, his servant or his subject. *She is his equal*, both as a human being and as a member of the conjugal society, save only that when a disagreement arises in matters pertaining to domestic government she is, as a rule, to yield. To claim for her complete equal authority with the husband is to treat woman as man's equal in a matter in which nature has made them unequal."

The National Woman's Party demands that woman be admitted to the priesthood. If they aspire to the priesthood in the Catholic Church, they

reckon without their host, for the Catholic Church never can, even if it wishes to, admit women to ecclesiastical dignities. And the reason is not far to seek. The Church as the Spouse of Christ and His infallible teaching body cannot err in fulfilling His law which distinctly prohibits the ordination of women. For St. Paul distinctly states (I Cor. 14-34): "Let women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted them to speak, but to be subject, as also the law saith." While the non-Catholic sects may overlook or refuse to heed this prohibition of St. Paul, the Catholic Church can only obey it as the word of God.

Not only in their principles is the Woman's Party open to serious objection, but also in the means by which they seek to put these into practice. In order to bring about an impossible "equality" between the sexes, they seek the passage of new laws and the repeal of others in all the States. This proposed measure is known as the "blanket amendment" and reads as follows:

Sec. 1. "No political, civil or legal disabilities or inequalities on account of sex, or on account of marriage, unless applying alike to both sexes, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

Sec. 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

Simple in its language, the possibilities contained in this blanket amendment are terrible to contemplate. Every law we now have, whether it be municipal, state or federal, which safeguards woman in any respect is based on a recognition of the unchangeable fact that woman is a vastly different being from man and as such is a proper subject for protection of a special kind. Thus we have laws limiting the hours of work for women, forbidding them to do certain kinds of work, requiring various sanitary arrangements in stores and factories, establishing a minimum wage, prohibiting women working when in delicate health, etc. These laws, highly beneficial and strictly necessary, do not apply to men but have been enacted solely because woman is woman—because she was created by God not primarily to be an industrial toiler but to become the mother of men and as such she needs protection by the State for its own best interests. Yet if the blanket amendment proposed by the Woman's Party should ever be enacted, in the opin-

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ion of many of our greatest legal authorities, every protecting law that to-day safeguards woman will almost certainly be automatically repealed! For by this amendment she is made *absolutely equal* with man before the law and cannot, therefore, be made the subject of special legislation.

Is it possible that sane American citizens can favor such a measure? Can it be that anyone would destroy the fruits of all the labor and progress of twenty years given to establishing these necessary safeguards? Above all else, can any *woman* favor such a diabolical measure? Reluctantly we must answer, yes!

UET this is not all. In the party's "Outline of Campaign for Local Work" it admonishes its members to "make certain that in your community married women and pregnant women are not dismissed from government service, the schools, or from private employment because of their marriage or pregnancy."

Surely there are limits to the power of the English language fitly to characterize such a proposal. How can sane womanhood possibly conceive of such an atrocious plan? Such a scheme is a worthy product of a drug addict's mad dreamings.

They should know that one of the greatest causes of our high infant mortality rate is overwork by prospective mothers—that the approach of sacred motherhood requires a lessening of physical exertion. The U. S. census of 1900 shows clearly that the mortality rate for infants under one year was 165 per thousand, but in Fall River, Mass., where the largest proportion of married women were at work, the death rate of infants was 305 per thousand or nearly 85 per cent higher than the national average. In 1916, 16,000 mothers in the United States died in child-birth and in 1918 the number increased to 23,000. In 1919, 200,000 *babies under the age of one year died in this country*, and while deaths from communicable diseases have been materially reduced, the rate of infant-and-mother mortality remains undiminished. And this in spite of the fact that this appalling number of deaths is in nearly every instance preventable.

And yet the National Woman's Party openly says, in effect, "Let the mad pace go on—let women suffer and babies die—let the nation and the world stand aghast at the enormity of our death rate—let future generations be wiped out before they have

even known the joy of life—let priceless human souls be scattered to the winds of heaven by the reaper's scythe—let nature be defied and God dethroned so long as woman is only FREE." Nowhere does it appear that these unnatural females propose or espouse the cause of any law to protect womankind and helpless, sacred infancy.

DO their doctrines seem absurd, their principles false? Certainly! Let us not say that we have no cause for concern. The National Woman's Party is already a factor in the United States. It has actually secured the passage of a blanket measure in one State and seeks to do the same in every State as well as to incorporate their measure in the federal Constitution. Their president has publicly stated that soon the Party will be able to impose any measure it may choose. And worse still, **CATHOLIC WOMEN ACTUALLY BELONG TO THE PARTY**. Consciously or otherwise, they seek their own downfall. Let our women—and men—realize the danger to America and Christian society and unite to defeat the object of this organization.

The height of any civilization, the attainments of any State, can be measured by the position of woman. Where she is accorded a position of honor, regarded with chivalry and her motherhood given the holy respect and protection it deserves, that society is fundamentally sound and will survive. Let womanhood be dethroned from the high estate it has attained under the ægis of Christianity, let the sanctity of motherhood be ignored or denied and that society is inexorably doomed and will take its place in the limbo of decayed civilizations with Egypt, Babylon, Greece and Rome. All of these fell because they were founded on false principles and disregarded the rightful position of woman and the family.

The National Woman's Party, by seeking to arouse active sex antagonism, to take from the home its center of gravity and disrupt the family by attempting to degrade womanhood to a lower level, by denying the natural law and flaunting the Divine Law, identifies itself as a party of revolt. In the name of all that is sacred they seek to destroy the most sacred things of life. With it we can make no truce. Against it, as against many other highly organized and dangerous minorities, we must be ever on our guard. And we must never forget that our chief weapon of defense is the ballot. **USE IT!**

Miss Watts

ERNEST OLDMEADOW

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VIII

THE paper I am to read at Dymchester on "The Limitations of Surgery in Diseases of the Ear" has kept me so busy that I hardly saw Dollie Watts yesterday, which was Sunday, or on Saturday. It appears that Mrs. Horsley took her to market on Saturday afternoon and to church yesterday morning, without disaster.

To-day, Lady Hilda arrived punctually at two o'clock. As it is nearly three miles to Sillmouth, I fully expected that, for once, her ladyship would use her carriage; but she came on foot, wearing stout boots and carrying a walking-stick like my own. Discerning my surprise, Lady Hilda said:

"A sharp walk will do Dollie good."

Not for one moment believing that she would accept it, but making the offer, nevertheless, quite sincerely, I protested that the tramp would be too long for Lady Hilda herself and that my car would be ready in five minutes. She hesitated for a moment only and said:

"Very well . . . if you are sure you can spare the time. To tell the truth, I've already walked five or six miles in the streets to-day and have been up and down nearly a dozen flights of stairs. Besides, with the car, I can get back sooner."

Mrs. Horsley swaddled up Dollie in a plaid coat, and Lady Hilda did not refuse my offer of a very ample white silk scarf which used to be my comforter when I drove about my work at night. To-day has been gloriously sunny, but with just a

sting of cold in the wind.

On the way coastward, we learned that, although Dollie Watts had never beheld salt water, she had heard the sea described and had taken delight in pictures of tempests and shipwrecks. It was therefore rather disconcerting to Lady Hilda and myself when the car ran down into Sillmouth,

and showed us the wide estuary of the Sill, empty of water except for the meagre river slouching seaward between mudbanks in a channel less than fifty feet wide.

"This isn't it, Dollie," said Lady Hilda with emphasis. And she shot at me an imperious glance which was a plain command to save the situation.

I suggested that we cut off the great outward curve of the coast by taking the short cut through Rapplebury Park, and that we should climb the steep lane to the top of Bigstone Down, where the cliff falls almost sheer into deep water. I made it clear that although the trip was barely fourteen miles there

and back, it was mainly over so bad a road that we should want an hour and a quarter. Lady Hilda agreed, and off we sped; first bowling along the smooth and sheltered avenues of the Park and then jolting among the loose stones and deep ruts of the bleak little by-road which mounts to Bigstone Farm. Lady Hilda, who was sitting on the back seat with Dollie, spoke to the girl now and then, but without worrying her or cross-examining her about her impressions and feelings as most philanthropic ladies

THE STORY SO FAR

With many misgivings, Martin Dacey, a middle-aged doctor, takes into his house an orphan girl called "Dollie Watts," whose real name and early history are unknown. He does so at the urgent request of Lady Hilda Barrowmore-Bannington, a clever, energetic and large-hearted woman who is not an enthusiastic believer in the ordinary charitable societies. Dollie Watts is sixteen and has been made dull and spiritless by "institution" life. In Martin Dacey's house, she is under the care of Mrs. Horsley, the housekeeper; but Dollie is not treated as a servant and the doctor himself takes a share in her education. As the girl has never set eyes on the sea, Lady Hilda proposes an afternoon's excursion to visit it.

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would have done. Not until our car had passed the Bigstone haystacks and topped the highest ridge of the Down did she exclaim:

"There, Dollie! What do you think of that?"

Probably I have stood on Bigstone Down fifty times, but never have I seen it so wonderful as this afternoon. The ocean seemed to be a serried host of god-like warriors, clad in sparkling mail of gold and silver and burnished steel, circling their naked falchions and tilting their bright shields. A most noble clamor as of trampling and neighing horses, of swords loose in scabbards and of marching men, ascended to our ears from the glittering, illimitable plain. A boisterous yet kindly wind smacked and buffeted us full in our faces.

WHAT Dollie said (if anything) I do not know. We left the car and went to sit on the giant boulder which gives it name of Bigstone. Not one of us said a word. If Bigstone rock could have spoken, I suspect it would have thanked us for being the first holiday-makers in its history who did not say: "How glorious," or "What a magnificent view." I was on the point of letting loose such a phrase myself, but something told me that silence was golden.

After two or three minutes, Lady Hilda said: "Come, Dollie, I will take you nearer to the edge and hold your hand while you look down. Then you'll understand the shipwrecks you told us about. The strongest ship afloat would crack like an egg-shell against these jagged rocks."

I was not asked to go with them, so I stayed behind and was conscious of twinges like toothache in my knees while I watched the pair standing on the very verge of the precipice. At last they returned, and as they approached me Lady Hilda called out gaily:

"I'm afraid Dollie is disappointed that there are no ships being wrecked here and now."

When we regained Sillmouth and skirted the estuary, the tide had just begun to flow in, with a lively sea-breeze to help it on. We halted to watch the clash of the out-running fresh-water river with the advance guards of the incoming salt sea. The salt water won and the dull Sill began retreating landward with impudent little waves yapping at its heels, hundreds of soft-eyed, snowy birds raising harsh cries which came strangely from such pretty creatures. The lolling fishing-boats sat bolt up-

right in the deepening and widening flood and tugged at their anchors as if eager to be at work and to make amends for their long idleness. At the same moment the little harbor woke up. Chains could be heard grinding, the beach was alive with people, pennons broke out upon the wind, keels shrieked in the loose pebbles, a noisy bell was jangled.

When we neared Sillport and I began shaping a course which would have taken Lady Hilda to her own lodge-gates, she over-ruled me and made me set her down at the mouth of a poor street in the meanest quarter of the town. Her thanks were hearty but summary, and she did not discuss Dollie at all.

We reached home, Dollie and I, an hour ago. I am following Lady Hilda's example and am not exacting from Dollie any self-conscious statement as to whether she was or was not satisfied with the sea, or what were her emotions on first confronting it. At this moment, she is sitting in the garden with Rory on her knee. I can just see his black head.

IX

FORGETTING that Lady Hilda abhors superfine attentions, I rashly rang her up on the telephone to ask if she arrived home safely and without undue fatigue. Her "I am all right, thank you" was so businesslike in contrast with my punctilio that it sounded like a snub. She must have been conscious of this: because, instead of ringing off, she added, in a much friendlier tone:

"By the way, Doctor, everybody says you are an experienced moralizer and that you would have made a good clergyman. When the tide turned at Sillmouth, and those boats sat up, like poor Dollie sitting bolt upright on her stool, what did it make you think of?"

I replied, quite truthfully and very foolishly: "It made me think what a world of difference this afternoon's excursion must have made to that poor child. The drive in your company: your kind words, all the more precious for not being too many: the marvelous sight of the open sea—"

"Perhaps so," interrupted her ladyship. "I hope you are right. What I thought myself at Sillmouth was different. I said to myself: 'How grateful Doctor Dacey will be before long! Even these four days have improved him! Good night.'"

Quite absurd, of course, and Lady Hilda doesn't

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mean a word of it. Yet I should like to kick myself for walking into the trap and for moralizing, as she calls it, in such a high-flown style.

X

To-day, Sunday, June 15th, it is exactly one calendar month since Dollie came to us. It seems longer.

After that exasperating little telephone-talk with Lady Hilda, I took a dislike to this copy-book and felt sure that not another line would ever be written in it. But Mrs. Horsley and Dollie have gone to the evening service at St. Luke's, and I feel inclined to bring the record up to date.

Our guest, or protégé or help—goodness knows which of these three describes her most correctly—continues to be two different persons, by turns. At my very first sight of her, a month ago, she was Miss Watts for about fifteen seconds and then she changed into Dollie. This goes on: indeed it becomes more marked. Yet it is not quite correct to say that the girl is Miss Watts and Dollie "by turns." Once or twice she has been Miss Watts for a whole day, and then she was Dollie for nearly a week. I never know what to expect. Having her in the house is like having one of those old-fashioned weather-indicators with a little figure of a man coming out of a doorway in wet weather and a little figure of a woman with a parasol on fine days. Dollie personifies the English climate.

THIS evening, on setting out for church, she was decidedly Miss Watts. Ever since Whit-Monday, when I gave Mrs. Horsley twenty-five pounds on condition that all the clothes Dollie brought with her should be tactfully returned to St. Gabriel's Orphanage, there has been a daily buzzing and whirring of the sewing-machine. I had clean forgotten that Mrs. Horsley is an accomplished dressmaker and milliner. When I was in active practice, with two and sometimes three servants, one of the most frequent sources of domestic trouble was Mrs. Horsley's dressmaking. For instance, there was a frightful row with the parlor-maid, a certain Doris Prowse. Mrs. Horsley offered to make Doris Prowse a best dress, but the young maiden had a contempt for everything which did not come from a showy shop and she declined the offer with a lofty disdain which proved to be the beginning of the Decline and Fall of Doris Prowse. A little later on we had with us a certain Fanny—I never knew

her surname—who pined for Mrs. Horsley's handiwork, and suddenly gave notice and left us because her hints were always ignored.

If I should say that Mrs. Horsley has taken a violent fancy to Dollie it would be an ill-chosen phrase. There is nothing violent about it. My housekeeper accepts Dollie as she accepts the sun and moon and stars, without visible emotion. She makes no fuss over the child, and yet it is absolutely clear that nothing would induce her to let Dollie go away.

Unperceived by Dollie herself, there is now and again a trace of awe in Mrs. Horsley's attitude. Flatly disobeying Lady Hilda's wishes, I dropped a vague hint last month that if Dollie's family history could be unravelled we might find that she was high-born. I suspect that Mrs. Horsley has already spun in her private mind a glittering web of possibilities. Not monetary. My sturdy old housekeeper is the last woman in the world to be moved by lucre. But there is an odd strain of romance in her temperament and she is unconsciously prepared for some exciting sequel to this affair.

MISS WATTS went to pray at St. Luke's this evening in a dress which seemed both the height of the fashion and, at the same time, an inheritance from her great-grandmother. It was made rather high-waisted, of a pale amber muslin with black spots, or rather dots. The hat was a Panama trimmed with the same black-dotted, pale amber material. Perhaps a man is all wrong in his judgments of such things, but I feel that if I had met somebody wearing this very dress in Kensington Gardens after church this morning I should not have thought it dowdy or behind the times: and yet, if I had seen it to-night at a fancy-dress ball, on the shoulders of some lady masquerading as an Early Victorian, I should have said, "How charming and how true."

I may not have the courage to tell her so, but Mrs. Horsley has somewhat overdone it. While it was my urgent wish that Dollie should be so dressed as to retain not one rag of her institution garb, I did not bargain for the other extreme. Miss Watts is too decidedly the young lady to-night. Not that she looks dressed up. She wears her pretty gown—I like the old-fashioned word—as naturally as Rory wears his black fur coat, and it would be a shame to take it from her. Let us hope, though, that it

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does not turn her head, seeing that she must go off to earn her living before long.

Of course, clothes have not quite been everything these last four weeks. Dollie has worked wonders in the garden. As neither Lady Hilda nor anybody else shall talk me out of my passion for old-fashioned nasturtiums with yellow flowers, Dollie has formed with her own hands a bower of bean-sticks which will be a nasturtium summer-house by August. She brings me in radishes without letting them grow coarse, which was Tim Farland's great fault. Furthermore, the dining-room and drawing-room and hall are quite gay with flowers—a new departure in this house. She cheerfully does a lot of the tiresome work also, such as thinning and weeding and tying-up.

WE have stopped newspaper-reading. It was too much for my temper. I now make her spend half an hour with the paper as soon as it arrives and then to tell me, in her own words, the principal items of news. She has already learned that the M in "M. Clémenceau" means Monsieur; that the hideous word "alleged" implies a doubt; that demobilized soldiers are the boys coming home; that the Money Market is not a row of open stalls where bags of silver and copper coins are for sale like potatoes and cabbages; that "meteorological" has to do with the weather; and that the virtues of the Government as hymned by one newspaper turn into vices when examined by another. Yesterday morning, when I asked her (too flippantly, I grant) whether the Allies had fixed a day for putting the Kaiser to death, she replied seriously: "A poor man is to be hanged at Dymchester on Monday for murder, so perhaps they'll do it at the same time." Until a fortnight ago she believed that the whole contents of a newspaper, advertisements and all, were literally true and that this necessarily followed on their being in print.

Last Monday I found a long-forgotten copy of "Grimm's Fairy Tales," and since then I have made Dollie read aloud one story to me every day. It is very pleasant to hear the old stories again after more than thirty years—the woodcutters with good and bad children, the queens with lovely and ugly daughters, the three brothers, the dwarfs, the giants, the fairies, both kind and spiteful, the love-lorn princes, the robbers, the foxes and all the menagerie of talking birds and beasts and snakes.

It made me very angry to learn that Dollie had never heard or read a fairy tale before. It seems that the three institutions she has been in were conducted by very good people of the very sternest sort, who regarded fairy tales as a waste of time. Lady Hilda says that many orphanages are much more human, and that Dollie had bad luck. The poor child is making up for lost time at last. When she sits, with Rory on her knee, reading to me about some enchanted princess with milk-white skin and raven hair she is Dollie, the child Dollie, without the faintest tinge of Miss Watts.

XI

A GOOD thing that I recommenced this chronicle or diary yesterday!

Last night Mrs. Horsley brought Dollie back from church through the grounds of Squires Hall, the Elizabethan manor-house which our city fathers have bought with the aim of turning it into a public park and museum. It seems that Mrs. Horsley missed the path and that she and Dollie were lost for five minutes in the shrubberies which have been running wild ever since Sir Thomas Byrd died six years ago. The dusk had not fallen, but Dollie—so Mrs. Horsley tells me—suddenly turned faint and leant against a tree for support. It seems that some wave or reservoir of early memory broke free in her brain; and, when they had found the path again, Dollie explained her passing terror. The spot where the fright overwhelmed her recalled, she said, the gardens of the old house where she lived as a child. I know the spot myself—the overgrown pond, the leaning wall of grey stone rich with moss, the glimpse of Squires Hall through a break in the orchard of mouldering apple-trees.

All agog, Mrs. Horsley plied the girl with questions. The answers were scanty. Considering that she must have been nearly eight years old when she left her unknown home, it is strange that Dollie can tell us so little. My own memories are abundant and distinct from my sixth year onwards. When Dollie comes to read to me before dinner I may be able to learn more than Mrs. Horsley drew out last night.

In reporting to me this incident in Squires Hall shrubbery, Mrs. Horsley "thought it right" to tell me also "about the locket." It appears that Miss Watts brought with her from St. Gabriel's Orphanage a

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locket of some cheap dull metal which she has possessed longer than she can remember. It contains two kinds of hair, light brown and black, plaited criss-cross under an oval shield of glass. Dollie says that Ann, the old woman who took care of her in the house with the wild garden, used to tell her very solemnly that the locket was her "luck" and that she must never part with it.

ALTHOUGH I made light of this to Mrs. Horsley and begged her not to indulge in romancing, my own curiosity is piqued. So many of Dollie's ways show instinctive good breeding that I agree more and more with Lady Hilda in regarding her as no ordinary child. While I write this, I can see her in the garden. After long stooping among the weeds, she is standing up in her blue overalls with her hands clasped behind her head. Taken all round, Dollie is not slender, indeed she might be styled buxom: but her wrists, her fingers, her neck, her ankles are delicate and what I may call thoroughbred.

When she was about to open her book this evening, I said:

"Well, Dollie, so you've seen Squires Hall. By next year, those decayed old apple-trees will be cut down, the pond will be cleaned out and made larger, there will be more paths, laid with clean new gravel, and perhaps a band-stand. Are you glad they're going to alter it?"

She answered: "Yes. No. I mean . . . I don't know."

Without visible importunity, I went on: "Mrs. Horsley has told me that the part of the shrubbery between the pond and the outside wall reminds you of your own old home. Tell me about it. Grimm's tale of Big Claus and Little Claus is very good, but this evening we will have practice in conversation, instead of reading aloud. We must choose some subject or other, so tell me about the old garden and the old woman named Ann. Don't be nervous. You can tell it like a tale. Come on. 'Once upon a time there was a little girl named Dollie, who lived in an old house, with a big garden, with nobody except an old woman named Ann.' That's a good start, isn't it?"

"We were not all alone," protested Dollie quickly. "There was Goodman, as well. Goodman was Ann's husband."

"Which did you like the better, Ann or Goodman?" I asked artfully.

"Not Goodman. He wouldn't let me fish in the pond, or pick up windfall apples, or climb on the wall or help in the garden or anything."

"Ann?"

"Poor Ann was deaf and Goodman didn't like it. Sometimes hardly a word was said, for days together."

"Goodman used to come home for meals?"

"I think he did. You see—"

She stopped and knitted her brows. Then, with an odd little jerk of her hand, as if she were setting free some eager animal from a rusting cage, another old memory broke loose in her brain and she blurted out: "I did not have my meals with Ann and Goodman."

I pricked up my ears for more. It seemed that the veil was about to fall from the face of the mystery. But Dollie has not yet attained to much ease in her conversations with me. She regards me sometimes as the head of the house, who may any day decide to send her away: sometimes as a kind of schoolmaster: and always as a very elderly person. We rarely get beyond question and answer. Indeed, I was surprised when, in telling me that she did not like Goodman, she added details of her own accord, about fish-ponds and fallen apples.

WHEN Dollie's facial blankness warned me that her memory of meals eaten apart from Ann and Goodman had died down as abruptly as it flamed up, I tried another line and asked: "Had you any playmates?"

Her eyes brightened. "Not exactly playmates," she said. "But there was a little boy in a sailor suit. He used to climb over the wall. There was a summer-house in the garden, grown over with such a lot of ivy that you could hardly get into it. He called it the Smugglers' Cave. We used to sit there on wet days and he told me tales. Not fairy tales. It was there I heard so much about ships and shipwrecks."

I asked the boy's name, and Dollie replied:

"He had ever so many names. Sometimes he made me call him Julius Caesar. At other times he had a very funny name—the Great Mogul. For a long time his name was Nelson, and he made me eat a bit of tobacco and I was very sick and Ann nearly found out about him coming over the wall. I forget his other names."

Once again the lights paled and memory failed. Her speech ceased as if cut short by a knife. Fright-

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ened at her own outburst, she reddened. To help her out I inquired if she had any pet animals.

"There was a dog," she said, "but he was kept on a chain and he barked at everybody and I was afraid of him. We had a cat, a little yellow cat. Goodman . . . drowned it in the pond. That was why . . . last night, with Mrs. Horsley . . ."

For the first time since she came here, Dollie burst into tears. The expression "burst into tears" is often misused, I know, to mean a mere breaking of the voice with a mere moistening of the eyes, but poor Dollie did truly and literally burst into tears, just as a white April cloud bursts into a warm and glittering shower.

Most people become ugly when they cry. Not so Dollie Watts. In that whole-hearted surrender to an unforgotten grief, all her stiffness was swept away and annihilated, like flakes of ice in the warm overflow of a geyser. She covered her face with her hands and wept until the arms of her wicker chair vibrated in unison with her sobs.

IN my youth, the novelists, especially the lady novelists, told us that "a good cry did you good." Somehow I felt sure that in this case it was true and that this deluge of her own tears was as blessed to Dollie as a summer shower drenching a thirsty garden. There is a reasonable limit, however, to all good things; and when the child showed no sign of stopping I began to feel helpless and awkward.

The cat Rory flew to the rescue. As if he had heard all about the fate of the yellow cat, he sprang in through the window, paused for a moment on the middle of the carpet like a toreador in the bull-ring glancing round to see what impression his entry has made; and then took a flying leap into Dollie's lap before I had time to warn her. She dropped her hands from her face with a sharp little cry of fright; whereupon Rory stood up like a biped, his hind feet on her lap and his two black mittens resting on her shoulder while he butted with his cold nose at her cheek.

To torment Dollie with further questions was cruel, perhaps. On the other hand, I did not want her to go back to Mrs. Horsley with streaming eyes and heaving breast. I crossed over to where she

was sitting, drew a chair to her side and helped her to pet Rory who was purring like a reaping-machine. As gently as I could, I said:

"Cheer up, Dollie. Rory says you must. Perhaps you would like to tell me about your locket."

To my relief, she was not startled. Indeed she seemed eager to disburden her mind of some carking secret, and she met my gaze for a moment with a look of confidence and gratitude. But instead of speaking she thrust her free hand within the collar of her overall and brought up a circlet of thin black cord with the locket hanging from it.

Rory, who plays with anything that dangles, immediately dashed at this new toy. Almost roughly, Dollie snatched it out of his claws. Plainly, it is her most cherished possession. And, when I come to think it over, I cannot wonder that even Rory could not be allowed to take liberties with it.

I reckon myself a very simple man, living frugally in a modest establishment. Yet, if I began reckoning them up to-night, what dozens and hundreds of personal belongings I have! An inventory of them would fill this copy-book and leave no room for further records of Dollie. Out of my four thousand books, there are at least two hundred which I could not bear to lose, and of my nine hundred prints and engravings I could not name fifty which I would sell. On every shelf and table in this room there is some souvenir of my travels—some bit of ivory or steel or silver or marble. In my bedroom it is the same. The very penholder in my hand is of oak from my grandfather's old flag-ship, the *Jupiter*, the ink-pot into which I dip it is of marble polished under my own eyes in Cornwall, my ivory paper-knife came from a friend in India, dead these twenty years, my lamp—. In short, I am proprietor of thousands of different articles, counting my instruments and drugs, my clothes, my brushes and razors, my forks and spoons, my property in Mrs. Horsley's kitchen and in Tim Farland's out-houses. Meanwhile, Dollie—why, the very clothes she wears can hardly seem her own, out-and-out. Didn't we take her orphanage things off her back and send them away, and couldn't we do the same with her pale amber gown and hat? All that she possesses for her very own self is a battered locket of base metal on a rusty black string.

(to be continued)

Penitent: Apostle: Founder

The Life Story of Saint Paul of the Cross

Gabriel Francis Powers

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CHAPTER III

THE CALL OF GOD

THAT vision of the habit never left the mind of Paul Daneo. And more and more urgent and imperative grew his desire to break with the world and all its ties, and consecrate himself definitely and irretrievably to that one ideal, and to invite other young men to join him, that together they might bewail the sufferings borne by our Redeemer and labor to bring mankind to the recognition and loving gratitude so great a Savior deserves. The plan had grown quite clear in the young man's mind of what this little group which he called the "Poor of Jesus," should be, and of what they might hope to effect with the help of God.

Now, probably following the advice of his confessor, the Penitentiary of the Cathedral of Alexandria, for Paul never acted according to his own lights but always under guidance, he addressed himself to the spiritual lord of the diocese, the famous Bishop of Alessandria, Francesco Maria Arboreo di Gattinara. This wise and pious prelate was a religious of the Congregation of S. Paul, known as the Barnabites, and a zealous pastor, attending most sedulously to the sanctification of his clergy and flock. He was so full of compassion for the poor and needy that his hands were ever open to them, and having, later in life, been appointed to the Archbishopric of Turin, he took so much to heart the sufferings of his people during the war of 1743, that he publicly offered his life to God in the Cathedral Church for the deliverance and pacification of the land. His prayer was heard and he died shortly after, the death of a saint.

It was to this true pastor and father that Paul Daneo came to speak of what the Almighty, "with great suavity and forcefulness," was urging upon his soul. And he began, feeling the need of exhibiting to the holy Bishop his complete unworthiness and sinfulness, by making at his feet a general confession of his whole life. Then, with complete openness, he told the entire story of his inspirations,

his desires, the obstacles that prevented him, his own fears and uncertainties. The Bishop encouraged him to persevere in a manner of life that astounded him, while he saw clearly the brightness of the light of God illumining this humble penitent. He desired him to put down in writing an account of the inspirations he received, regarding this association which he desired to form, and it is said that when Paul brought to him those sheets upon which was sketched for the first time the tentative outline of his long-nourished project, great tears, which the venerable man could not repress, dropped upon the closely written pages.

He did not venture, however, to trust entirely to his own judgment, but sent the young man first to consult this and that learned theologian or master in the ways of the spirit, until certain himself that this thing was from God, and confirmed by the approval of others. He notified Paul that he would clothe him with the habit of penance as he desired, and permit him to retire into solitude. The saint was transported with joy and gratitude at this thrice-welcome news, and poured out his heart to his "dear God" in thanksgiving. He made haste to purchase a piece of *arbagio*, the commonest, cheapest kind of woolen material made in the district, the usual vesture of the very poor, and had it dyed black and made into a clumsy tunic. It was to be his sole covering, save for nether garments of a linen so rough it chafed his skin. He was to wear no covering on his head, but take the hot sun or the rain as they came; and he was to go bare-footed in all weathers.

BUT it was impossible to do all these things for the love of Christ Crucified without the infernal enemy's opposition and obstruction. As the time for vestition drew near, a sense of utter weariness and disgust began to possess the aspirant's soul. Why was it necessary to do this? How could he vow himself to such rigor for all his life? This was the end of all joy forever, and a

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burden that no man born of woman could carry. He dreaded and hated what was before him.

A LETTER written some years later to a penitent who was hesitating to embrace the religious state, reveals to us the temptations and agonies of spirit he endured at the time of his decisive step. "Happy will you be, my dear friend, if you are faithful to fight and to win. . . Do not suffer yourself to be turned aside by compassion for your parents, but look into the face of the Crucified who invites you in so special a manner to follow Him. He will be your father, mother, and all. Oh, if you only knew the struggles I underwent, before embracing the life in which I now am! the great horror excited in me by the evil one, my compassion for my parents! . . . All their hopes, humanly speaking, were centred in me; interior desolation, melancholia, fears; it seemed to me I could not persevere; the devil put it before me that I was deceived, that I could serve God in other ways; that this was not the life for me, etc., and so many other things that I omit; and, especially, I had lost all devotion. I found myself dry, tempted in every possible way, the very sound of the church bells filled me with horror; it seemed to me that everybody in the world was happy and contented except myself. I shall never be able to describe to you the bitterness of my combats, and they grew ever more terrible as the time drew near for me to be clothed and to bid farewell to my poor home. All this is the pure truth, but there is much more besides that I cannot explain, and for brevity I omit it. So take courage, *carissimo*. . ."



RT. REV. FRANCESCO M. A. DI GATTINARA
(From a rare painting)

The grace of God must have been powerful indeed to sustain a soul so sorely tried, but the severity of the conflict is a proof of how odious to the powers of darkness was the enterprise of the saint. In the face of his own reluctance, he set out for Alessandria; and the biting cold of the November morning caused him to suffer more intensely than he had ever suffered before; it seemed to penetrate him to the marrow. He was convinced that he would never be able to endure the wintry blasts

after he donned the single tunic of *arbagio*. But he did not turn back. Paul Daneo had ever entertained a singular and ardent love for the Virgin Mother of God, and this love made him desire to make the consecration of himself to God on a day sacred to her. That year the feast of the Presentation of Mary in the Temple happened to fall on a Thursday, and as Friday was the day of the Passion, and succeeded the 21st immediately, he deemed it better to wait those few hours and receive the holy habit on the Friday. However, in union with the journey of Mary, he had already begun his pilgrimage on the day of the feast, by

having his hair cut short, contrary to the custom of the time, as a sign of renunciation; by visiting one after the other the familiar beloved churches of Castellazzo; and by taking leave of his family. Who would take care of them now? . . . But he must answer the call of God.

THE atmosphere was bleak and joyless as he took that road to Alessandria which is so muddy between the ditches. The cold penetrated him with an almost preternat-

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ural intensity. But he was full of the thought of Mary going up as a little child, in a glow of celestial light, to her consecration in the Temple, and he felt that he, too, a poor penitent, heavy and dull of heart, trudging with bowed head in the mud-filled ruts of the lonely road, unworthy to lift his eyes to her heavenly radiance, was yet going to some such offering of himself to God. When he reached the Bishop's house, he was told that Monsignor Vescovo was absent and not expected to return that day. "He will return," the young man rejoined quietly, and, in spite of assurance to the contrary, waited to see the prelate. In the course of the day, to the surprise of his household, the Bishop did return, and, before evening, Paul was clothed in that habit of austere penance which he had so ardently desired, and the vision of which had caused him to shed such an abundance of sweet tears.*

No sooner had he assumed it, than a perfect torrent of spiritual joy and consolation poured in upon him, so that he felt he "could go to the world's end" for the name of Christ.

The good Bishop was perhaps a little in doubt as to what it would be best to arrange temporarily for this holy soul of whom he had conceived such great hopes. Paul begged to be in complete seclusion, and the spiritual director felt that this was indeed most desirable at that crucial time. The choice he made of S. Carlo, as a place of provisory residence for his penitent, may have been due to the fact that the other churches of Castellazzo were served by religious, and that S. Carlo being in the care of secular clergy, the diocesan Bishop could with greater facility and freedom appoint it as a place of abode for one who was under his direction, and whose desire to found a new congregation would mature and develop better in solitude. Behind the sacristy

of S. Carlo, at the end of a narrow passage connecting it with the church, was a dusty receptacle in which unused candlesticks and other odds and ends of ecclesiastical furniture were kept. The place is unchanged in shape; small, irregular, with one long angle jutting away and giving depth in that direction; the same roof of heavy beams is overhead, but a board floor has been put down over the damp foundation; a small square window, set high up, lights the interior dimly, and the bell-tower soars above.

To this cell that so much resembles a dungeon, Paul Daneo was assigned. He must have recoiled

at the sight of it, did not the humility and compunction of his spirit desire just such a burial as this. There was nothing in the room save a tiny stove and some straw on the ground in lieu of a bed. Only that short passage, running through to the church, where the red lamp was burning, and where, in the grey dawns and the hallowed silences of evening, and always, the poor penitent could find his Eucharistic Lord, only that made the spot endurable to human nature. "*Gesu Sacramentato*," his supreme Friend, the Great Lover, was the one comfort he had. It was a deep and true one, full of a heavenly balm; nevertheless, sadness, dejection, loneliness invaded the poor penitent's soul, crushing it in their fatal grip.

He spent eight days in close retreat, occupied exclusively with prayer and spiritual exercises, and taking no food save bread and water; at the end of that time, by order of the Bishop, he began the writing of the Rule. (to be continued)

*The habit was a gift to Paul from the Abbé Coligny, then Master of the Chamber to Bishop Gattinara. It was blessed with all the liturgical prayers. The ceremony took place after dark at the altar in the Bishop's private chapel, before the picture of the Immaculate Conception venerated there. In unbroken silence Paul then retired to the cell adjoining S. Carlo.



ALTAR AT WHICH ST. PAUL RECEIVED HABIT
(Present Cardinal Bishop kneeling)

Very Rev. Fr. Fidelis, Passionist

(JAMES KENT STONE)

SAFE HOME AT LAST

EARLY in the Spring of 1869, Kent Stone wrote to his friend, Mr. White, that he would not remain at Geneva after the Commencement, giving as his reason, that the place was no longer congenial to him. He besought him to use all his influence to have the students who had followed him (Kent Stone) to Geneva to return to Kenyon College.

As soon as his intentions of going over to Rome became known, a long and bitter assault was directed against him. An instance or two only, are given here. They were typical of the treatment meted out to him on all sides. When it became apparent how set he was in his determination, their last forlorn hope was in delaying the step, and so great was the pressure exerted in this direction, that Catholic advisers of the neophyte counselled delay.

A memorable scene took place in the President's apartments when the bishop of the diocese, Coxe, made his final attempt to hold him. Coxe cultivated long hair. On this particular occasion he threw himself on the bed and in his rage tore at his hair, not only disheveling it but pulling tufts of it out of his head.

His former co-religionists pleaded with him not to take the step until after the forthcoming Episcopal convention. This he would agree to do if the convention, on its side, would permit him to set forth in the public assembly the claims of the Church of Rome to be the true one. That proposal was dropped. His reputation for theological lore, and his superb oratorical gifts would make him a dangerous protagonist in a public debate. A defy was thrown to him to take counsel with the unfortunate Ford, who had gone over to Rome, had been ordained, and later was to return to the Anglican Church. Father Fidelis acknowledged that he approached, with trepidation, the apostate, fearing, he said, not his arguments, but the effect on himself of the possible revelation of scandals. He armed himself with his crucifix, which he wore next to his heart. It was precisely this line of attack to which Ford resorted. His efforts were not only futile, but ludicrous. Ford re-married at the age of seventy-two and was made president of the General Theological Seminary of New York.

On leaving Geneva, Father Fidelis sought out the quiet of the country about Madison, N. J. He was to spend there a year giving himself over to study and to prayer, and to the composition of his forthcoming book. He writes on October 12, 1869, to his earliest friend, the venerable Mr. H. Richards, as follows:

Madison, N. J., Oct. 12, 1869.

Your kind letter with copies of the "Boston Advertiser" has reached me. I have thought much as to the course I ought to take with reference to the statements that are going the rounds of the press; and have come to the conclusion that the best thing to do will be to do nothing at all—for the present. My hour for speaking out has not yet come. The report in the papers being uncontradicted will of course be an acknowledgment that they are, in substance, true. Let people speculate for a few weeks, it won't do any harm. It is not yet time to announce that I am writing a book. I have not made sufficient progress nor am I sure enough of publishing to venture such a public advertisement of my poor work. So please do not be instrumental in getting anything into print which may be a false alarm after all. When, by the blessing of God, I find myself fully ready I will act publicly enough, and give good reasons for my previous silence.

You remember the little book you gave me once to read—"Loss & Gain" The moral of it was that God's spirit works in different ways with different people. Willis came into the Church quickly, but Reding was long on the way. Yet both were perfectly sincere, and perfectly fearless, anxious only to do the will of God; and both made good Catholics. Remember, too, that I have the unqualified approval of the Archbishop of New York upon my course.

Kent Stone was for entering the Church immediately, but Father Smarius, S.J., a popular missionary of the day, counselled delay. "Wait a year," he said. "Jacob waited seven for Rachel."

Father Fidelis wrote December 12, 1869, announcing to Mr. Richards his entrance into the Church.

My Dear Mr. Richards:

You who from the first have so faithfully watched my slow progress into the Catholic Church, will I know, be glad to learn that I am safe home at last. Deo Gratias! On Wednesday last, the blessed feast of the Immaculate Conception, I was received into the Church by Father Wigger. Immediately after my reception I went to the Passionist Monastery in West Hoboken for a short retreat, and made my first con-

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fession and also received Holy Communion yesterday morning.

I hope to spend Christmas Day in Brookline with my children. If I can find time I will attend High Mass at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, and have a shake of the hand afterwards, if I am so fortunate as to find you there. Can you drop me a line to let me know at what time they will say Mass on Christmas Day—and also the number of your pew?

I shall probably remain in Madison until Spring. Since you were here I have scarcely done anything at all on the unfortunate book about which you are doubtless tired of hearing. Moreover, I have quite remodeled my plan in regard to its composition. So that in order to publish (which I have now pretty much determined to do), I shall have to keep hard at work through the Winter.

Do not think I have forgotten you because I have been so silent; for I have remembered you daily in the way you most desire.

Yours ever faithfully "in the Church,"
(Oh! blessed thought!)
James Kent Stone.

Again to the same correspondent:

Madison, N. J., Jan. 8, 1870.

My Dear Mr. Richards:

(My Dear "Brother," I was going to say; for I don't know who has a better right to call you so now, than I.)—

I was on the point of answering yours of the 4th, when your second letter of yesterday reached me. I have been thinking over the matter of which you write, the position at Georgetown College. The offer is a most generous one, and, in some respects, very opportune; and I have felt that I ought to consider it carefully. I have concluded, however, to decline. My aim now is, first, to get my book off my hands as soon as possible; and, second, to prepare as early as I can for Holy Orders. And neither of these objects would be promoted by going to Georgetown. If I had any intention of remaining in the diocese of Baltimore, the case would be different; but I belong farther North. As far north as Boston, you will say. Well, perhaps so. We will wait a few months, and see. Meanwhile, I don't see how I could be better off than where I am.

You are blowing my penny trumpet rather hard—don't you think so? You had better be careful, or the tin thing will "bust."

Please give my kindest regards to your family: also to the Jesuit Fathers, of whom I have very pleasant recollections; and to Mr. Donahue and to all the rest. I will write at once to Father Summer.

In haste,
Yours sincerely and affectionately,
in the Church of Christ,
James Kent Stone.

French's Hotel, New York, May 26, 1870.

My Dear Mr. Richards:

I venture to send you this afternoon a copy of the book over which I have bothered so long, to the great trial, I fear, of your patience. I assure you I have felt really grateful for your interest and solicitude in my behalf. You see, I have come out straight after all: and I hope that by the grace of God and the prayers of my kind friends, I shall continue so.

The Appletons, who, I at first supposed, would be the publishers, after causing me some delay, finally decided that the book was more than the public would stand from them. For some reasons I would like to have Donahue publish it. He was very courteous to me, and gave a true, hearty welcome into the Church. I took Kehoe because he was close at hand, and I could correct the proof-sheets without delay.

I am still at Madison, though I probably shall not remain there much longer. Next month I hope to visit Boston for a few days, and will certainly call on you and Mr. Donahue. (Remember me to him, bye, the bye, very warmly.)

With affectionate regards to your family,
Hastily, but most sincerely,
James Kent Stone.

FATHER ELLIOTT relates how Kent Stone came one day to call on the Paulists, carrying a copy of the "Invitation" in his hand. He handed the book to one of them, saying: "It is the last thing I will ever write!"

It was early decided by his counsellors, among them Archbishop McCloskey, that Kent Stone should enter the priesthood. Their consent was further obtained that he might enter the Paulist Community. Father Elliott related to us that the aspirant to the priesthood was found on examination to be fully equipped so far as knowledge of Catholic theology was concerned. "He knew," Father Elliott testified, "the literature of the religions of the world."

Kent Stone writes to Reverend Mother Xavier of the Sisters of Mercy at Manchester, N. H.:

St. Paul's Church, New York, Aug. 27, 1870.

Dear Reverend Mother:

The Archbishop cordially approves of my joining the Paulists, so the matter is settled. My happiness seemed complete when I learned of his decision; for I felt as sure as mortal can that God calls me in this direction; and now my path is plain, and there is no uncertainty anywhere.

You will be glad to learn that His Grace expressed a very warm approbation of my course in putting the children where I have. He said I could not have done more wisely. Father Hecker, too, and the

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Fathers who are here, are delighted with the arrangements, removing as it does, not only difficulty, but all fear of difficulty.

In haste, dear Reverend Mother,
Yours very faithfully,
James Kent Stone.

His severest trial prior to, and, for a couple of years following, his entrance into the Church centered on the rearing of his children in the Faith. His daughter Frances writes as follows:

His wife's family were never reconciled to his change of religion, and when he determined to place his children where they could receive Catholic education, they tried to have the families on both sides sign a paper declaring him insane. This, the members of the Fay family were quite anxious to do, but his own father, Dr. Stone, said "No!" Though he was deeply grieved at the step his son had taken, he knew him to be perfectly sane.

And so in his overwhelming bereavement he found himself alone but willingly sacrificed all for his new-found faith.

When the Fays determined to put their claims for the children in the hands of a lawyer, naming a large sum of money set aside for the purpose, Mr. O'Connor sent word that he and his wife were prepared to spend an equal amount in order to keep them—so the action was dropped.

The one member of the Stone family who was always ready to take his part was his young sister Bessie, afterwards Mrs. Allen. Later on the other members of his family softened greatly towards him, but came little or not at all into his life. He was the last survivor of his generation of the Stone family.

Writing to his daughter in 1921, the last year of his life, Father Fidelis gives an account of the beginnings of the protracted and painful differences with the Fays. The occasion was the baptism (Protestant) of his third child, Frances herself.

It was in the Fay mansion; I was in the house, but I would not be present; I had lost faith in everything Protestant, though I was not yet a Catholic. They sent and asked me what name I would wish. I said I didn't care—your poor mother was unconscious at the time. So you were called Sarah, but I called you Frances, after your mother's youngest sister. Your aunt Fanny was a dear, sweet girl. . . when I was a Catholic, you all three received Catholic baptism in the chapel of the Sisters of Mercy at Manchester, N. H. I was present of course, though a layman, and gave to all of you the name of Mary as a prefix to your previous names: Mary Cornelia, Mary Ethel, and Mary Frances. I had already dedicated all of you to our Blessed Lady and wished you to bear her name. I had also in mind in your own case the name of a Saint to whom I bore a certain devotion—a devotion which had originated from the mere fact that she was

canonized together with St. Paul of the Cross (Founder of the Passionists) but a short time before.—"St. Mary Frances of the Five Wounds."

A DRAMATIC episode was connected with the children's transfer from the Fays to the Sisters of Mercy at Manchester. Were not right on his side the incident would be characterized as a kidnapping. In a last desperate attempt to outwit Father Fidelis the Fays strove to win over his already aggrieved mother.

We shall quote Mr. Fay's letter in a moment. The letter had been remailed to Kent Stone by his mother. "She was both shocked and puzzled," he writes. "My good father considered the letter an insult. I have written to my mother, giving her a true account of what happened. I must confess I had a good laugh over the clever picture, etc."

My Dear Mrs. Stone:

Mother is too much overcome, by grief and exhaustion, to write an answer to your kind letter, and had asked me to do it for her. She appreciates, most fully, your kindness and sympathy, as we all do, and she well understands the feeling of a mother's heart, and her justifiable reluctance to condemn her son. But Kent acted so cruelly, yesterday, in refusing first, to allow poor little Ethel's remains to be placed by her mother's side, and, again, in refusing to allow both, or either of the children to visit here, or at your house, even for a week, that she can never think of him other than utterly heartless and cruel; more especially as Mother Ward joined her earnest entreaties to father's and my own, to bring about this happy event.

She can not help feeling a conviction that dear little Ethel would be living, if she had been here, and she dreaded the worst for the two that are left. Many conscientious and devout Catholics have joined with her, and us, in deploring Kent's unreasonable cruelty in opposing plans for the children's physical well-being, which could not affect their religious training; but when he affirms, as he did yesterday, that he "would rather have them die than to be exposed to Protestant influences," can you blame her, or any one, for regarding him with feelings of horror and aversion? She thanks you for your frank and generous letter, and will never forget it.

Very sincerely yours,

Clement K. Fay.

Brookline, Dec. 17, 1870.

In January, 1871, Kent Stone wrote to Mother Xavier:

May I ask a very great favor, dear Reverend Mother, that you and your holy Sisters would say a prayer for the conversion of my father and mother.

(continued on page 385)

The Modern Biologists And Race-Betterment

JOHN MCGUINNESS

WE seem to be overrun just now with pseudo-scientists and social uplifters who are sending up distress signals, warning that we are approaching the most momentous crises in the history of mankind. They say that as we are embarking upon the crucial period which will determine man's course in the future, it is necessary to subject procreation to biological study in order to scientifically eliminate those who do not meet the mental and physical standards established by these theorists.

What greatly concerns these champions of race-betterment, as they proudly term themselves, is the fact that the race is increasing at the bottom and decreasing at the top. In all communities the poorest wards have the largest birth rate and the fashionable sections the lowest. Another cause of anxiety is the fact that the "American intellectual groups" are not self-perpetuating, the birth rate among college men being about one and one-half children per college man and less than three-quarters of a child per college woman. As an instance of the havoc this is working among the old American stock we are told that New England, once the prolific nursery of ambitious, intelligent Americans who Puritanized American thought, is fast ceasing to be an Anglo-Saxon country.

Civilization, we are politely told, is threatened and if something is not done quickly to check the birth rate among the lower classes it will engulf the upper classes and very soon there will be no geniuses, no leaders, no one to assume positions of pre-eminence in future generations. And so these saviors of the race send forth from their broadcasting stations, the press, class-room and laboratory, a persistent propaganda appealing to the sense of social responsibility of the so-called leaders of society, striving to awaken their moral consciousness to the fact that they face racial impoverishment.

Now, what is the program that these race-betterment advocates propose? Is it new? Has it ever been tried? Does it conflict with the laws of God and nature?

The program is to divide the race into superior and inferior persons. Those who come in the supe-

rior class are to have children while those of the inferior class are to have very few children and in many instances none. The birth rate among the inferior persons is to be reduced by teaching them the use of contraceptives, a discovery which is termed "a great potential instrument of race-betterment." Births among the inferiors considered unfit to have children will be prevented through sterilization of the males coming under this head. The old pagans destroyed the lives of children considered physically unfit. The new pagans will not give the child the opportunity to prove its physical fitness for they deny it the right to be born.

THIS so-called race-betterment, termed "Eugenics," is the process of making an improved selection of the human race based on biological considerations. The hope of a progressive future, we are told, lies in the science of applied biology as it places in the hands of man a sure method of reaching physical perfection. Very fine sounding words which find great favor with the visionary and the materialist.

This theory of race-betterment is not new. In Sparta, under the laws of Lycurgus, we see the most magnificent physical specimens of men and women that the world ever looked upon. But while Sparta succeeded in developing a wonderful fighting machine, Marathon runners, men unmatched for physical courage and endurance, Sparta never gave the world a single intellectual idea. In spite of the great physical strength and prowess of her people, Sparta has passed away and left the world nothing but a memory of her physical activities.

If it were left to our eugenists and birth-controllers of to-day, the world would have been deprived of the great men that have come out of poor and humble homes. The log cabin in Kentucky would not have sheltered Abraham Lincoln. For economic reasons Benjamin Franklin's parents would have been prohibited from having their large family. Following the practice of their forbears in Sparta in race-betterment, Isaac Newton would have been doomed to death in his infancy because he was very delicate.

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Many a weak and delicate child has proved a very valuable asset to the human race. Children born and raised in poverty have often risen to positions of prominence. On the other hand, children born and raised amidst most desirable surroundings have turned out to be worthless to society, and have even developed degenerative tendencies the reason for which can not be explained.

GREAT men, geniuses, leaders in all spheres are coming out from homes where the parents have to struggle to support a large family. These homes in the future will, as in the past, continue to contribute their share toward society in spite of the eugenists and birth-controllers who are on a par with all theorists who have a remedy to exploit. We will never be able to say who are the fittest to prosper and to have offspring, nor shall we be able to say by what standard the moral and intellectual worth of those who are to marry must be measured. It is un-Christian. It is unnatural.

Of course, these modern pagans are no respectors of the laws of God or nature. They are not content to confine their infamous practices to themselves, but persist in dinning into the ears and picturing before the eyes of the masses their plan of race destruction. No physical or economical consideration, however beneficial to the race, can justify thwarting the laws of God in the matter of conception. We cannot do evil that good may come out of it. The prevention of human life is a crime no less grievous than the destruction of it. The wilful prevention of conception is an open defiance of God's law and those guilty of it are sure to suffer His wrath. Remember the punishment of Onan, the first birth-controller.

In Israel the barren woman was looked upon as a blight. Barrenness was taken as a visitation of God's wrath, a curse upon the home. The Jews

looked upon a large family as a blessing from heaven. How different the attitude of the world today. The wilfully barren woman is looked upon as a sort of a superior person. Usually she belongs to the wealthy or educated class; but this blight is now spreading very fast through the middle classes. Yet what could be a greater symbol of failure than the wilfully childless wife with a poodle. She has been permitted to enjoy the great gift of life, but so far as she is concerned, creation shall end with her, she will not grant life to others. Can we conceive of greater ingratitude or selfishness.

WE cannot close our eyes to the insane ideas which are now being propagated by the advocates of race-betterment because their ingenious methods are deceiving. We cannot remain silent for the fear of overstepping the bounds of modesty while this noisy horde preaches the doctrine of race-betterment in open defiance of the laws of God and nature. The duty of the human race is to perpetuate itself—not to lay plans for its dissolution. "Increase and multiply" was Jehovah's dictum to mankind.

The infamous doctrine preached by the eugenists and birth-controllers can never find place in the lives of Catholics. To defeat the designs of God, to block His harmonious plan of creation through the use of contraceptives is a most serious sin against nature, a sin which will incur His wrath either in this world or in the next. If there should be any wilful childless women among my readers, which God forbid, I admonish them to listen to the inspired words of St. Paul to Timothy: "Yet she shall be saved through child-bearing" (I Tim. 2:15). The Catholic woman who unselfishly fulfills the primary end of matrimony, never rebelling against the laws of creation, possesses her passport to heaven.

Behind the sin of Abelard lay his intolerable spiritual pride, his selfishness and his egotism, qualities that society at large did not recognize because of their devotion to his engaging personality and their admiration for his dazzling intellectual gifts.—Ralph Adams Cram in introduction to the *Autobiography*.

Mr. Cram has not allowed the sugared legend that has gathered with the centuries to obscure the real character of Abelard, who, in pursuit of Heloise, was as much of a scamp as the "pious Aeneas" of Virgil was in his wooing and desertion of Dido.—Arthur Maurice.

The Labor Problem

REV. R. A. MCGOWAN

XIV. Democracy and Social Reconstruction

OUR hope of retaining democratic ideals depends upon whether we can re-establish economic opportunity, and the brotherhood of men in their work. On this depend, too, the continuance of democratic government, the outcome of the struggle between local self-government and federal concentration of power, and our present and future welfare as individuals and as a nation. If we cannot accomplish it our experiment has failed.

American democracy found its earliest prophet—and here no reference is meant to political parties—in Thomas Jefferson. He came on the scene at a time of internal change and expansion, and for a generation or more his ideals colored American thought and aims. The center of his hopes was that the United States would be a nation of small property holders who would be so strong that they could care for themselves without much help from the government. Most of the government protection they would need, he thought, would come from the officials whom the citizens themselves would choose in their own localities. The federal government would be weak, and the state and, still more, local governments would do nearly all of those things for which a government is needed.

Jefferson wanted us to remain a nation of farm-owning farmers. If we remained so, he thought that we would be strong enough not to need much government, and what government we needed we would control ourselves. We were strong in those days, approximately equal, and free because we owned property to work on and get a decent living from.

All that was a long time ago. Even while we boasted of it we fell short of our boast. We retained slavery. We had a class of poor whites. We had a small and compact financial oligarchy. We had large plantation owners. And the beginnings of the factory system had taken hold in the eastern cities. Yet all of this we must speak as of something in the past.

Changes have come that have overwhelmed us.

The first change has been that we are no longer a predominantly agricultural people. We have become partly agricultural and partly industrial and commercial, and industry and commerce are in the ascendancy. The second change is that free land or nearly free land has disappeared, and the result has been that in proportion not so many farmers as formerly own the land they till. The third change is that industry and commerce are owned and controlled by a small section of the community, and the strongest and determining part of industry and commerce by a still smaller section. The correlative of this is that most of those at work in industry and commerce do not own anything to work with and, when they work, work as hired men.

HERE was one point in which the ideals and conditions of early Americans fell short. Each person worked by himself and for himself. When danger threatened, they closed up their ranks, and in the borderland Indian wars they fought together for their lives. But though they fought together they did not live together or work together. They were free and equal, they stood on their own feet and asked neither fear nor favor from any man. But they didn't work and live together as brothers. They were lone wolves. Freedom and equality and the more colloquial translations of those terms were often on their tongue. But brotherhood went by default.

It was largely because of this neglect of brotherhood and the resulting exaggeration and distortion of freedom and equality that we have come to the pass we are in today. We held that each man is strong enough to defend himself and that if equal men are free and are protected from theft, everything will work out to the satisfaction of everyone. The trouble was that not all men are approximately equal in the ability to get possession of and retain property, especially industrial property. We went ahead on the belief that if we allowed our natural resources to be developed in industry as we allowed our agricultural natural resources to be developed, everything would be satisfactory. Of course, it

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didn't work out as we expected. Lack of brotherhood, lack of co-operation, an exaggerated view of the abilities and rights of the individual and a distorted freedom combined to cause our downfall.

NO American worthy of the name wishes us to go on as we are. He does not want farm tenantry to increase; nor the mass of the people in city industry to lose irrevocably that equality of opportunity which comes from sharing in the control of the means of work and livelihood. He regrets that we have gone so far along the road of plutocracy and placed so much wealth and power in the hands of a few. The fundamentals of Thomas Jefferson's ideal remain true, and however far we have departed from it, we want that ideal to live again. We want equality of opportunity. We want men to be free. We want local self-government and as much freedom as possible from the amazing arrogance of elected officials. In addition, we see, as the pioneer fathers of the republic did not see, that if we are to preserve equality, freedom, and local self-government, we must practice brotherhood too. We see the need of brotherhood more than did the founders of our country because economic conditions are changed. We are no longer pioneers; we have developed large-scale industry; we are closely knit together; we stand or fall, not so much any more by reason of our own strength, as by reason of the assistance we can get and the help which is given us; we work with other people and have to work with other people to get much done. Even farming is not an isolated occupation any more. We have to co-operate now if we are to live.

The restoration of approximate equality of opportunity, the re-establishment of freedom, the creation of brotherhood, and the rebirth of local self-government are the task of the generation. They depend upon and are inextricably bound up with the solution of the labor problem and the problem of the farmers. They have their roots in the economic system, and since the economic system is now out of key with freedom, equality, brotherhood, and local self-government, the task of the generation is to construct an economic system that will be based on freedom, equality, brotherhood and local self-government.

To establish an economic system which will be founded upon and will encourage freedom, equality,

brotherhood, and local self-government, we will have to follow Catholic social teaching. We will then have an industrial, agricultural, and trading system which will be based upon as wide an extension of private ownership as is possible in the means of work and livelihood. Where widespread personal ownership is impractical we will approach it as closely as we can. The co-operative principle in agriculture, industry, and trade will dominate. Farmers will own their own land and will co-operate closely in tilling it, selling their crops, in buying their supplies, in banking their money and in securing credit to finance their work. Industrial workers will own co-operatively and, as far as possible, upon a personal basis, the things with which they work, and they will bank their own money and secure the credit they need. Where personal co-operative ownership is inadvisable, they will share in two of the elements of ownership—management and profits.

SUCH a system will mean the rebirth of economic freedom, approximate equality of opportunity and brotherhood. The individual will be strong in his own right and will gain greater strength by his association with the others in his concern and industry. He will not be crushed by an omnipotent socialist government owning all the means of work and livelihood. Neither will he be a poor and weak tenant farmer, or a farmer who owns his own land but battles helplessly against a credit and trading system which is stronger than he and better informed. Nor will he be only a wage or salary worker whose job he gets at the sufferance of the owners of industry, harassed by unemployment and the fear of unemployment, doled out a wage barely enough or less than enough for decent livelihood, and plunged into long, costly, peace-denying and brotherhood-denying strikes and lock-outs. As a consumer he will be oppressed neither by a shortage of the goods he needs nor by the high cost of living. He will not need much government help because his co-operative organizations will protect and defend him. He will come as close as can be in an imperfect world to the ideal of the fathers of our republic. He will enjoy freedom, approximate equality of opportunity and brotherhood. The means of his work and livelihood and the political government under which he works and lives will be his own.

The Pride Of Life

MAURICE HART

MRS. THOMAS ARMITAGE was of Irish stock, but very few people knew it. She seldom mentioned the fact; rather, she took considerable pains to keep it discreetly hidden from view. Somehow, among her casual acquaintances the impression arose that she was of Pilgrim stock, with family connections dating back to Mayflower days. True, she never stated this in so many words; but, on the other hand, she made no effort to correct the pleasing rumor.

The Armitages could hardly be considered poor: in fact, many regarded them as on the sunny side of prosperous. They lived in a fashionable neighborhood, moved in nice circles, and devoted themselves considerably to social activities in what society editors call the younger married set. But they had not always been prosperous. Earlier years of their married life had brought them financial worries that had taxed their meagre resources to the utmost. As time went on, however, success came to them—at first in a modest way, then in increasing measure—until finally, mere comfort gave place to an affluence which enabled them to cast aside the restraints of a straitened income, and to blossom forth as serious claimants to recognition in fashionable circles.

Helen Armitage's motto, as far as society was concerned, was "ever onward and upward." She sighed when she read of exclusive functions among the older families of the city, and longed to have her name linked with theirs in the brilliant festivities which attracted so much attention in society circles. Goaded by this ambition, she laid plans with strategic skill, her eyes constantly fixed on the heights above.

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AS she progressed in her ambition, her broader vision took in aspects of her religion hitherto unnoticed. She loved her faith, of course, and practiced it to a moderate degree, but she could hardly be called enthusiastic about it. The friends of former years had gradually been dropped, to be replaced by those of different kind. There were Christian Scientists among them, and New Thought enthusiasts, and devotees of the school of

notes, sometimes abandoning altogether the veteran Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge. And Mrs. Armitage, with a toleration, very much admired, took pains to keep her religion discreetly in the background. Which only goes to show how broadminded she was, and how considerate of the feelings of others.

She often wished that the surroundings of her parish church were more æsthetic. It was a combination building, housing both church and school, and made little pretence to anything beyond purely utilitarian architecture. And the priests were so uncultured! Father May, the pastor, looked like a billiken in the vestments, sang high mass with a lofty disregard for tune, and scolded the restless altar-boys in public in a gruff and scandalous fashion. On Good Friday, he walked down the aisle in his stockinged feet for the veneration of the Cross, much to the dismay of at least one of the congregation. "So vulgar," said Mrs. Armitage, later, in relating the incident to her husband. Man-like, he refused to be shocked, and asked, with a grin, whether or not the priest had any holes in his socks!

Once she incautiously expressed her sentiments before several of the parishioners. The lack of assent was not merely perceptible—it was ominous. When Mrs. Flynn, skilled of tongue from many a wordy fray, cleared the decks for the purpose of sinking her without trace, Mrs. Armitage, sensing the hostile purpose of her preparations, hastened to add in a placating tone: "But I think all our priests are just perfectly *splendid*," and elaborated upon the theme with nervous insistence until a fortunate interruption came to her rescue.

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HE singing at High Mass was a heavy cross to her. The ideal of ecclesiastical service was the stately dignity of vast cathedral spaces, with solemn processions of white-robed choristers, chanting in flute-like tones that rose in silvery cadence, as though to blend with the angelic voices floating down from above. But the local choir did not sing in this fashion. They were manifestly unschooled, and they proclaimed the fact in an artless way that left no room for doubt. Their prog-

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ress through High Mass was as that of voyagers on stormy seas. They huddled together on the high tenor who had done valiant service for years back. Upon such occasions he rose nobly to the emergency, and, alone but undaunted, reached the climax with courage, if not always with precision. When the choir got to the Amen of the Credo, it was like reaching port after a hazardous journey. They were frankly glad of it—and so was the congregation. Each Sunday, Mrs. Armitage reflected anew on a quandary that was ever recurring: whether to go to early Mass and miss her sleep, or attend the late Mass and suffer from the music. Truly a difficult question to solve with satisfaction!

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MRS. ARMITAGE once invited her friend, Mabel Norris, to attend one of the sermons of a Mission which was going on at the parish church. Mabel Norris, be it observed, had lately invoked the assistance of an obliging court to rid herself of an incompatible husband—said incompatibility consisting mainly in the fact that his income was never within even hailing distance of her expensive tastes. Mabel, who was religious in a theoretic way, had expressed a wish to hear what Catholic services were like. The Missionary—reputed to be quite an able speaker—had announced his subjects beforehand, and the one Mabel chose was "Drifting With the Tide." She picked it because it was so poetic, suggesting thoughts of

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!"

Her hostess planned to leave the house late, so as to arrive at the church when the rosary was almost finished. "The beads get so monotonous to outsiders, you know, and might give them a false impression of us," was her whispered explanation to her husband.

Mabel brought an extra handkerchief along, in case she should be moved to tears, and hoped her nose wouldn't be red. No need to fear. There were neither sunsets nor evening stars in the sermon, but there was rather more than a suggestion of the lurid fires that glow from a lost eternity. The Missionary—a solidly built, square-jawed man, with a penetrating voice, rather harsh—evidently had no time for Tennyson. His fanciful title was, they later ruefully realized, merely a bait to draw the curious, in order to tell them what was good for their souls.

Taking as his theme the "Gift of Life," he emphasized in vigorous terms the folly of those who fritter away, in idleness and pleasure-seeking, the talents given them by God. "Woe to such as these! Old age will find them looking, with bitter regrets, at the broken ruins of a life that might have towered to the loftiest heights. And when they stand, shrinking before the stern Judge on the Day of Accounting, they will have to stretch forth empty hands and acknowledge, in an agony of confusion, that they squandered, in frivolity and idleness, the gifts God gave them."

Mrs. Armitage never knew that these words threw violently open a door in Mabel Norris' soul, and what she saw therein was not pleasant to behold. And it was a door that would not close for many a long day.

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NOW comes the problem about Tudor. Tudor was the adored, bespectacled, 17-year-old heir of the Armitage home—a good-natured, rather quiet lad, with unmistakable hands and feet, and a strong leaning towards radio.

"Where on earth did you get that name?" asked Father Daly, the brisk young curate who was taking up the census. "Middle name is Boleyn, I suppose," he added, with twinkling eye and poised pencil. She did not understand the reference till later, whereupon she experienced a huge irritation towards the priest—an irritation which lingered for a long time. As a matter of fact, she had read the name in a novel, and had bestowed it for no other reason than its classic sound. To his mother, the lad was "Tudor"; but his boy chums scorned the name. By a process, not uncommon in boyland, they evolved for themselves a title which, to their manner of thinking, was both more appropriate and more honorable. At some earlier period in his history, Tudor had distinguished himself by his leaping prowess. Such ability well deserved recognition, and received it. One day, Mrs. Armitage was in the kitchen, discussing a coming dinner with the cook. Over the back fence floated a long-drawn, boyish treble: "Yo-ohoo! Oh, Toad! Come on out; I got a new ball 'n' glove!" She paid no attention to the voice till from above she heard a shouted: "I'll be out in a minute, Eddie; I hafta take a bath." Various thumping sounds from the bathroom indi-

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cated great activity and preparations for a hasty departure. "Toad! What a horrid name! He can't be calling Tudor, can he?" "I guess he is," replied Annie, with a desperate effort to control the corners of her mouth.

Tudor had finished two years at the parochial High School, and the question arose in the family circle as to where to send him for the next term. "Why, to St. John's, of course," said Aunt Emma, naming the local Catholic college. But his mother thought differently. "I think it better for him to finish at some secular school. He will meet boys who will be able to help him later on. Have you ever noticed," she added, "that most of our successful men come from the secular schools and universities?" "So have a lot of rascals," snapped Aunt Emma, unconvinced by such a line of argument. Aunt Emma had her own views about education, and worldly prosperity was not at the top of the list. The arguments pro and con were long and spirited. Aunt Emma contested every inch of the ground, but she was waging a losing fight. Then, some friends of Mrs. Armitage who dropped in for a social call on their way from a bridge party, added their weight to her side of the case. Their dictum, delivered with an air of finality that left no room for opposition, ended the discussion. So, to Colburn, a military college in a neighboring town, Tudor was sent. Aunt Emma was grimly silent.

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ONE bright day in fall, Mrs. Armitage was planting some bulbs in her garden. Tudor and two of his chums were in the garage, deeply engrossed in the interesting work of transforming an old Ford into a racer by the process of building a torpedo body around it and painting it with a combination of yellow and brown, wonderful to behold. The conversation consisted chiefly of discussions about the work they were doing, mingled with odds and ends of reference, unintelligible, except to the initiated. Mrs. Armitage's mind was on her tulips, and she paid no particular attention to the lads until a chance expression made her pause for a moment and listen. Then she discovered a rose bush near the garage which claimed her attention. Stooping over it with great pretence at interest, she eavesdropped shamelessly upon the busy mechanics.

"Gee, there's a funny bird of a professor at our

college," observed Tudor, as he stepped back to observe the effect of a particularly artistic stroke of the brush. "He seems to be a crank about religion. Says that to drag a man from bed to church on Sundays is a crime, and there ought to be a law against it. Says that the great out-of-doors is the god we all ought to worship, and that, on Sundays, people should get into their autos and go picnicking: that's the best kind of religion."

"Do they teach religion in your school"? inquired Dick Richards. "It's not on the list of subjects," replied Tudor, "but, for all that, some of the professors simply can't leave it alone. They are lugging it in all the time: in science, in history, even in literature. And they got an off-hand way of saying sneery things that make me sore. 'Of course every educated person knows,' or 'only the illiterate will accept such notions,' or 'as we progress in civilization, these things will cease to influence.' Gee," viciously, "I'd like to decorate them with some of this yellow paint. Last week, one of them had the nerve to say that" . . . But an interruption occurred just then, and the interested listener was deprived of the information she was so eager for. Reddy Folsom, a neighbor, looked in at the open door and surveyed the work with a critical eye. "You may be able to hide the body," he announced decisively, "but you can never disguise the voice." He dodged in time to escape an oozy paint brush and fled, laughing, over the lawn.

Mrs. Armitage stood for a moment, watching his retreating figure. Then her thoughts came back to the conversation she had just heard. What kind of education was her boy getting?

Worldliness had formed a hard crust over her soul; but, deep down, was a strong faith and a sense of responsibility for the lad's future. A great uneasiness came over her, and a dread lest she be held accountable for his spiritual ruin.

THAT evening, as she and Tudor were sitting on the veranda, she casually led to the subject of school-life and studies. "Did he like it at Colburn? What kind of men were the professors? Were his classmates nice boys?" But Tudor refused to be drawn out. He countered the queries with vague answers, such as: "It's a pretty good place: Oh, I guess so: some are all right and some aren't." Boy-like, he was secretive, and saved his confidences for his chums.

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The next day his mother sent for a prospectus of St. John's, and looked it over carefully. Glancing down the list of students, her eye fell on the name of Arthur Jones-Brown. "Why, that must be *the* Jones-Browns," she reflected with astonishment. "I never thought that they would send their boy to a Catholic college!" Poor Mrs. Armitage! She had yet to learn that true greatness looks on public opinion with the calm indifference of assured position; and, by scorning its frowns and its smiles, often receives more reverence than those who, less sure of their standing, are constantly looking around to see what others are doing before they themselves make a move.

But it would never do to reverse her decision in an open manner. To do that would be to admit defeat and thus give Aunt Emma an opportunity to become insufferably triumphant. Finesse must be used; so to hide her real motive she took a circuitous route.

ONE evening, while Aunt Emma was at church, Mrs. Armitage broached the subject to her husband. "Tom," she said softly, "I miss Tudor so much. I do wish he were nearer home." Tom, who was fathoms deep in the sporting sheet of the paper, merely said "Yes?" in an abstracted way that betokened polite annoyance at the interruption. "What do you think of his finishing the second half of the term at St. John's?" she continued. At this, her husband put down his paper, and looked at her in astonishment. "Why the change of heart?" he inquired suspiciously. "Has he gotten into any scrape at Colburn?" "No, indeed," she bristled, resenting even the hint of such a suggestion about her idol. "But, you know," she added ingenuously, "if he were at St. John's, he could be home every evening, and we could keep him more under our care." "Well, I don't know about this swapping horses in midstream," he replied dubiously. But experience had taught him the futility of argument, so he added: "If you think it best, all right; send him to St. John's." Having thus ex-

pressed himself, he turned, with great relief, to the baseball news.

So to St. John's Tudor went. At first he grumbled over the change, but, after a few days, falling in with a crowd of cheerful lads who made him one of themselves, he, with secret delight, carefully concealed under a few days of grumpiness, proceeded to make himself very much at home.

Aunt Emma prudently refrained from open exultation when she heard of the change. She merely smiled in a pleased way and saved her rejoicing for the ear of One who would appreciate the satisfaction she felt.

A few weeks later, the following conversation took place in the Armitage home. "Tudor," said his mother, "you might bring some of your school chums home with you for your birthday. I notice Arthur Jones-Brown on the list of pupils: he ought to be worth knowing, since he comes from such a nice family." "That prune!" exclaimed her young hopeful, in scandalized astonishment. "'Why, Mother, even the minims call him a sissie. He can't even throw a ball!'"

Thus do ideals differ. Where one bows before the gleaming head of Gold, another calls jeering attention to the feet of clay, or rather to the arm of glass.

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THE gang—Tudor and a few carefully chosen chums—were gathered in solemn session in his room. The door was closed, but, unfortunately for purposes of secrecy, the transom was wide open. Aunt Emma, sewing, on the porch, could hear snatches of the conversation from time to time, as the voices were raised in animated discussion. "I'd sooner be at St. John's," declared Tudor with deep conviction. "I feel more at home there: and we've got a team that will clean up everything in town next season." A satisfied look came over Aunt Emma's face. "Thank God," she whispered fervently, as she tiptoed down the hall.

I propose Chairs of Nonsense in our colleges and universities—those innermost sanctuaries of the Accepted Truth and the Undisputed Thing—*Burgess Johnson*.

The Church's primary duty is with life, and not with circumstances, and the proper function of the clergy is not to make a better world to live in, but to make better people to live in the world.—*Bishop of Bradford*.

Pius XI and The Aged Poor

THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR

READERS of the narrative which we are introducing will, we think, share our wish, that a master were at hand, whose brush would preserve for posterity this noble incident in the life of Pius XI. A great artist in quest of an inspiring theme would find it here.

The public, so far as we know, was not informed of the special audience which the Holy Father gave last July to the Household of the Little Sisters of the Poor in Rome. We esteem it a privilege to be permitted to publish the account which was sent as a circular to the Homes of the Little Sisters throughout the world. We transcribe it unchanged. There is a charm in its simplicity, which would be the despair of any stylist's art.

Were films enduring we might alter our wish for a canvas, to choose the moving picture. Reproduction of action to accompany the text would all but enable us to experience the emotions of the favored onlookers of the memorable episode.

There should be three reels: the first dealing with the arrangement of the audience would feature the poor, old man when he chanced to meet the Papal Secretary. The decrepit frame once again throbbed with the bravado of strong youth as his love for Christ's Vicar is stirred at the unexpected salute of one of His Holiness' household. Then we could sense the life in the text on the screen: "Do you know, my lord, I still feel strong enough to lead an army to deliver our Holy Father, and to think I must die without ever seeing him!"

And again, how we should be thrilled at witnessing such a dramatic moment as this: the spokesman of his companions tottering down from the throne, assisted by the noble guards who are using their free hand to wipe away a tear, with the text explaining that the movement of the lips of Pius XI was to utter a three-fold "Bravo!"

But enough of what might have been. The imagination has its own screen and the power of picturing the action of its creatures, fancied or real. The reader should have little difficulty in making the past to live again before him with the help of such a narrative as this.

* * * * *

His Grace, Bishop Venini, private secretary of His Holiness, visited for the first time our Home in Rome—San Pietro in Vincoli. Everything that he saw interested him. "It is just like the Home at Milan," he said in a satisfied way.

Crossing one of the rooms, he met one of our old people—a man from the county, very homely, but so good. When the old man learned the name and the rank of the visitor, his face lighted up with joy; great was his astonishment to find himself face to face with such a distinguished person. He came to meet him, his eyes full of tears.

"Do you know, my Lord," he said, "I still feel strong enough to lead an army to deliver our Holy Father; and to think that I must die without ever seeing him!" "No, no," replied His Grace, "why should you not see him?" "We are old and poor. It is quite impossible." "Yes, it is possible," replied His Grace, "it is quite possible." Very much touched and impressed by what he had seen, his Lordship concluded his visit by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Encouraged by the Bishop's words, Good Mother made a request before his departure: "Do you think, my Lord, we might entertain the hope of obtaining an audience with our Holy Father for our old people?" "Why not?" answered the good bishop, "I shall speak about it this evening to His Holiness; I shall tell him what I have seen and heard. I know he will be very pleased."

A few days later at the Vatican Bishop Venini said joyfully to the Good Mother: "You will certainly have an audience; our Holy Father will be happy to receive your poor; he has a special affection for the aged; speak to the Master of the Hall; he knows about it already."

Bishop Caccia, the Master of the Hall, decided that in the month of July the date would be fixed. There was no time to lose in order to make all the preparations. The Little Sisters wished to offer a spiritual bouquet to our Holy Father. The Chaplain excited the fervor of the old people, indicating different intentions for each day of the months of May and June, suited to the present needs of our Holy Mother the Church. The list submitted to the Sov-

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ereign Pontiff before the audience pleased him so much that he made an allusion to it in his response.

But other things had to be thought of; it was such an important event. The Little Sisters of the linen room and the cloak room were extremely busy preparing the clothes for the old people, trying them on, etc. The days passed rapidly. The twelfth of July the Little Sisters called on Bishop Caccia. His secretary brought them the happy news that His Holiness would receive the old people on the twentieth of July at half-past twelve.

Now it was a question of obtaining conveyances free of charge to bring our old people to the Vatican. The Little Sisters went to see the Director of the tramway company.

"What has happened?" he asked with astonishment when he saw them.

"Good Mother has sent us to ask you a favor."

"What is it?"

"The Holy Father has granted an audience to our old people."

"That is splendid," replied the Director, "doubtless you count on me to provide the conveyances?" And

he took a note of it:—"Papal audience for the old people of the Little Sisters, Thursday, 20th."

Two days later one of the tramway inspectors came to the Home to know the exact hour of the audience. Good Mother said the hour might be changed. The inspector said it would not be easy to change the hour on account of the service for the public. "If it is possible keep to the time that is fixed, or at least change it by a few minutes!"

THE eighteenth of July, after Mass, the chaplain announced the great news to the old people. Who could express their joy; their enthusiasm; their excitement! During these two days—the eighteenth and nine-

teenth, they talked about nothing else but their clothes! They all got out their best shoes in order to see if they were good enough. One of the old people, who walked with difficulty, begged to be allowed to start on Wednesday evening. Another who sustains his trembling steps with the help of a stick wanted to leave before the others. "Otherwise," he said, "I shall never get there in time."

One of the sick seemed very sad. Good Mother having asked her the reason, she said: "I should like to write to the Holy Father."

"What would you say to him?"

"I would tell him how unfortunate I am not to be able to go and see him with the others."

On the nineteenth, the Little Sisters went to see Bishop Caccia in order to receive the final instructions. "Come in, come in," he said in such a paternal way. When they were seated he added: "The time of the audience is changed. Our Holy Father thought that mid-day would be too hot for the old people, moreover, they might have to wait for a long time; it is now fixed for

half-past five to-morrow evening. If that upsets the plans of the tramway company, we shall put it back to the first plan."

Good Mother thought the Director would not make any objection, as he was always so good to our old people.

"Very well, it is understood, then, for half-past five to-morrow evening," concluded his Grace; "but we must see about seats for the old people; I will speak to Mr. Costa about it, or, better still, speak to him yourselves."

The Little Sisters thanked his Grace sincerely. "We shall expect you to-morrow evening," he added, and he gave them his blessing.

In his turn Mr. Costa received them with great

Mother Of Joy

The glorious morn of Easter burst
Asunder death's relentless hold
And Christ unto His mother first,
That to her love He might unfold,
The greatest mytery of all time,
On flying feet brought joy sublime.
And thus, to men who blindly grope
In darkness of their sinful fear,
She is the dawn of life and hope,
The promise of God's kingdom near.
When heaven's clouds were drawn aside
And the great monst'rance of the skies
Was opened to receive God's pride
In His triumphant sacrifice,
His mother was the priestess then,
And now, the votery of men.

— CATHERINE M. BRESNAN

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kindness, and assured them that he would see that the old people would be quite comfortable.

The Little Sisters were consequently obliged to return and inform the tramway company of this alteration. Good Mother said that if disturbed in any way, they would keep to the first arrangement.

"No, no," said the Director, "can we not inconvenience ourselves a little in order to gratify the desire of our Holy Father."

JULY twentieth, at half-past three, the old people, radiant, were ready. Reserved carriages were waiting at the Coliseum, and the old people were seated comfortably. The drivers and conductors were so condescending towards them! The astonished public looked at the long line of trams, filled with our venerable old people. Near the columns on St. Peter's Square the conductors, with great kindness, helped them get down. Though the foot steps were slow, the procession was magnificent! The Swiss Guard and the soldiers, who had never seen a similar assembly enter the Vatican, smiled kindly; they find themselves in the presence of an invasion, but a very peaceful one. The noise of the sticks on the staircase was for them a very unusual event.

The old people crossed the courtyard of St. Damasus, took the big stair-case to the right which led to the reception Hall Regia on the first floor of the Vatican, and which was prepared for the occasion. At the top end of the hall was the throne of His Holiness, at each side two rows of benches covered with green cloth were placed for our old people, who immediately sat down. Good Mother Provincial, who had arrived in the morning at Rome, Good Mother and the Little Sisters placed themselves at the right.

Bishop Caccia, Master of Ceremonies, in his beautiful red silk mantle, came to see if everything was ready, and said smilingly: "We are just com-

ing." He looked at the old people and added: "They look like statesmen."

A herald announced the arrival of the Holy Father. It is true! Being opposite the Ducal Hall, the Little Sisters could see Pius XI. approaching. He was preceded by the Swiss Guard accompanied by four noblemen of the Guard of Honor. Bishop Caccia was at his right and Bishop Confalonieri at his left, two gorgeously uniformed chamberlains followed him—one of them carried the cloak and the red hat of the Sovereign Pontiff.

His Holiness directed his steps towards the Little Sisters. Bishop Caccia presented Good Mother Provincial to the Holy Father, who asked "Where does the Good Mother General reside?" Then going towards the old people he gave them his hand to kiss. "Let the Good Mothers come with me," he said, and this he repeated a second time. Good Mother Provincial and Good Mother were obliged to take their place beside the Vicar of Jesus Christ, whilst Bishop Caccia and Bishop Confalonieri drew back a little bit.

Pius XI. spoke in such a fatherly way that the Good Mothers felt very nearly at ease. "How many old people have you? How many men? How many women? Have you only one house at Rome? Where is it? Is the house in Milan larger than this one? Have you any vocations in Italy? Rather in northern Italy, is it not? How many Sisters are in the house here? The sick have not been able to come . . . some of the Sisters were obliged to stay with them? You will take them a special blessing."

The old people held themselves so well; tears of emotion flowed freely, perhaps even on the hand of our Holy Father, who looked at them one after the other with such kindness whilst passing near them.

Having finished the round Pius XI. made them sit down, and he placed himself on his throne. One of the old people, making a deep bow, commenced



PIUS XI
The Friend of the Aged Poor

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his speech. In a few words, penetrated with profound reverence, he expressed in the name of his companions, the ardent desire which they had such a long time cherished of prostrating themselves at the feet of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. This desire being at last realized, grateful and happy, they presented humbly to the common Father of all the faithful, the expression of their religious affection; two months of prayer offered to the Sacred Heart and to Our Lady, for the preservation of His Holiness, the exaltation of our Holy Mother the Church and the propagation of the faith amongst the infidels.

"We thank God," he continued, "who has provided for our existence in our poverty and our old age, and who has opened the door of a home, where the Little Sisters devote themselves to us with such forgetfulness of self. Occupied constantly with the thought of the end of life, we implore from your Holiness the Apostolic Blessing. Deign to extend it to our Little Sisters, our chaplain, and to the whole Congregation of the Little Sisters of the Poor." He assured the Sovereign Pontiff of the prayers of the old people: "Just to the end of their lives, they will recommend to God, with all their heart and soul, Your Holiness and all your intentions."

Ettore, penetrated with the words he uttered, accompanied them with eloquent gestures. The noblemen looked at him with emotion: one of them wiped away secretly a few tears; it was touching to see this venerable old man in the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff who listened to him with such fatherly and benevolent attention. When the speech was finished, much affected and trembling, Ettore ascended the steps of the throne and presented the spiritual bouquet to our Holy Father, who said to him three times: "Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!" He kissed once more the Holy Father's ring; Bishop Caccia was obliged to help him to come down the steps.

IN the meantime the Holy Father looked with a satisfied air at the spiritual bouquet; he gave a sign of approval and kept it in his hand. In the middle of the spiritual bouquet these words were written in Italian:

Masses heard	7,300
Communions	4,200
Spiritual Communions	6,623
Rosaries	13,500
Different prayers	18,737

Ejaculatory prayers	83,610
Gloria Patri	37,320
Sacrifices	3,740
Mortifications	2,800
Acts of Charity	2,420
Acts of patience	8,300

SLOWLY, in a very distinct voice, the Holy Father replied: "My dear and well beloved sons and daughters in Jesus Christ, it is with a heart deeply touched, that We have listened to the words so beautiful, so cordial, and so full of filial affection of your—We may well say it—interpreter, because he speaks in the name of you all, my dear sons and daughters, not for himself alone, but for you all, and with great joy, We felt his words penetrate our paternal heart. Our emotion was increased on seeing the list of prayers and good works offered for our intentions, homage of piety and religion towards the Holy See, and towards the holy, apostolic faith, also towards us, who in spite of our unworthiness, represent and hold the place of our Lord Jesus Christ. This treasure of your piety and your spiritual life has touched our heart very deeply. We had already a slight idea of your spiritual bouquet, an idea which showed us how, for some time past, you were preparing yourselves for this audience, by offering for our intentions the pious practices of the months consecrated to Jesus and Mary. We have it now in our hands, and the high totals show us the great value of it. We desired your visit so much the more, in order to express to you, the depth and the intensity of our affection, my dear sons and daughters. Yes, we greatly desired your visit, and We wanted this desire fulfilled as soon as possible.

"Wherever God's holy will placed us, in the far-off countries of the east, in the north of Europe, in our last residence in Milan, everywhere, the poor, the aged, the little ones, the sick, all who suffer, have always been the constant object of our special affection. One of our first visits, if not our very first, was for them, and that, because in each one of them we see Jesus Christ, who had said, that He is present in the poor, in the little children, in the sick. Poor and aged! These two titles which your companion has claimed before us all, you can apply them to yourselves almost with pride; they gain for you the special love of the Heart of Jesus. Your visit is consequently a great pleasure for us, and we

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are grateful to you for it.

"In one way your visit to-day seems nearly a reproach. Yes! A reproach. It is We who ought to have gone to see you, in that home where you are Lords and Masters! Your visit would, indeed, be a reproach, were it not well known to all that We are unable to go to your home. We, then, wished to receive you here, in the house of your common Father, my dear sons and my dear daughters, you, not only the well-beloved children of our Lord, but the children of His special affection. We wished to see you in order to give you this blessing which you desire so much. We bless you all and each one in particular, and we have the intention to send our blessing to all those to whom you wish it to extend. Several amongst you, being infirm or sick, and who would have dearly loved to come, were unable to do so. Take them a very special blessing from their Father, who loves them tenderly. If your thoughts go towards your families far away or towards those who knowing you are here to-day have asked you to obtain for them our blessing, We grant it to them all. Finally We bless all those whom you have in your thoughts. We bless especially your Good Mothers and your Little Sisters, who are for you the hands and the heart of Divine Providence and who consecrate to you all the fervor of their lives, all the strength of their heart and their religious souls.

"We bless also your devoted chaplain, who works with so much zeal for the good of your souls. He offers your prayers at God's Altar; he is in his intercourse with you like a channel of the divine source of grace making all spiritual blessings flow to you.

"May our blessing be for you like a salutation, my dear sons and my dear daughters. But we cannot leave you without congratulating you on two things.

"The first is the great grace you have received of entering this house, which is, in such a special way, placed under the protection of divine Providence. You call yourselves poor and aged; but We see you neither poor nor aged. We see you rich in spiritual goods, and in your poverty you are in the land of abundance. Whatever trials you have had in your past lives, to-day Our Lord by a pleasant surprise and with a divine charm prepares you at the end of life such a beautiful sunset that many people envy you. Truly you have pious lives, quiet

and peaceful, provided with all spiritual good. We no longer see you aged, you have in your souls the strength and the flower of youth.

"The second object on which We congratulate you is the high esteem in which you hold these graces. We see you penetrated with gratitude for the favors you receive from Divine Providence. If God has placed you in the Home, He had in view, not only your temporal welfare, but above all your spiritual good. He wished to prepare for your souls a happy passage to eternity, so that, at your last moments the divine Judge might come to you, as the Holy Church says, with an aspect of mercy and joy. Pleasures and sorrows, riches and poverty, health and sickness—all pass. Even those who have been the richest in worldly goods must leave them at the hour of death. The only part of their wealth they can take, is the account they must render to the Sovereign Master, of the use they have made of it. But you—you will appear before Him less in the character of guilty persons to be judged, than that of friends to receive the reward of everlasting happiness. Amen."

WHEN the Sovereign Pontiff arose and pronounced the words of the apostolic benediction. The chaplain then thanked His Holiness for his paternal kindness to the old people; he expressed the Little Sisters' gratitude for this favor, the honor of which would reflect on the whole Congregation. "This day will be memorable amongst all days; what more have we to desire? We have seen, we have heard the Vicar of Christ; his words have penetrated our hearts like a sweet perfume; every day henceforth will renew and augment the fruit in our souls.

"We have prayed for the conversion of sinners, for peace and union in our Church, for all the intentions that Your Holiness has most at heart. We shall redouble our entreaties near our Lord, and if the old people can be no longer apostles in action, they can be apostles by prayer in the silence of their Home."

Pius XI. spoke once more: "We said our benediction was a salutation, but We do not mean that it is a salutation of persons who are separating forever; for We desire that your visit if it be the first, may be the prelude of other audiences . . . If our benediction is a salutation, at least we do not mean it to be 'Adieu' but 'au revoir' till we meet again."

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HIS Holiness descended from his throne and left the hall in the midst of the most joyful applause; the audience had lasted 40 minutes.

The Swiss Guard and the noblemen of the Guard of Honor took their places, and escorted His Holiness in the same order in which they had come.

The old people would have liked to express their joy, but we had to think of getting home, so the group set out slowly on the homeward way.

When we reached the Square Sassacavalli, the Director of the tramway company was there himself to give orders to the employees and to see the old people settled in their places; gentlemen, young people, policemen—all with touching alacrity assisted them to mount the tram; whilst at the Coliseum the conductors were more than attentive in helping them descend.

At home once more, they could not contain their joy; several said with such sincerity: "Now we

can die in peace and we are pleased and so happy we do not desire anything more," repeating—"now we can die in peace."

An old man who had been suffering for a long time from a cancer said when he reached the Vatican: "What a good thing I did not die before the audience; what a pity it would have been to lose this grace!"

Another one said to a Little Sister: "You were not able to come with us, so I kissed our Holy Father's hand twice, once for you and once for me."

Finally one of the old people, penetrated with the thought of the privilege which he had received, asked the others not to talk to him for a little while, he felt too much emotion to be able to speak.

The next day in the little chapel there was solemn Benediction, the *Te Deum* was sung to thank God, the Father of the Poor, for the great favor we had received.

(continued from page 371)

In my prayers for them hitherto I have hoped as it were against hope; but lately the possibility that God would work a miracle of grace in their regard has seemed to my anxious heart to grow suddenly brighter. The tone of my dear mother's letter is very encouraging. She is evidently full of wonder that Catholics are so different from what she imagined them to be. I think she has been specially impressed by the devotion of Catholics—even of my little children—to our Blessed Lord. In one of her letters she says, 'I have been hoping to have a letter from Mother Ward, sending me one of Ethel's curls, but none has come.' So there is a chance for you. I am not sure, however, that you have any of those dear little locks left. Her address is: c/o Rev. John S. Stone, D.D., Cambridge, Mass.

The following letter deals with his early years as a Catholic. It is not for that we quote it, but because it is a fair specimen of what is contained in a series he wrote during his last illness. We could not transcribe the whole series. Maybe a few fragments like to this one may find a place in our page before we conclude:

Dearest Frances:

You may have wondered why I did not send you some relic of the past. I had none, dear. When I gave my children away I destroyed every thing—household goods, furniture, etc., were stored at

Geneva, N. Y. (Hobart College); I wrote and gave orders to have everything sold at auction. The proceeds were given to the Sisters at Manchester. Then I made a bonfire, in the rear garden of the Paulist Fathers, of everything combustible; MSS; old letters, poems, etc., etc. There were a few precious things left. (My books had been given to the college.) I kept them in a rosewood box—some simple jewelry, mementos of a past that would never return, pictures and—her ring! I weighted the box with pieces of iron, locked it, and then, when darkness fell, I took it down to the end of the old abandoned pier which, in those days, ran out from the foot of 59th Street, and then with a prayer, and an anguished prayer, I dropped it into the Hudson River, where the waters were deep, and there it must lie to-day, covered over, sunken in the silt of that river bed. After that, for fifty years, nothing broke the long silence until those verses came at so strange a moment and then I had something to send you.

(to be continued)

Readers of these articles, particularly those who are friends of Father Fidelis, have expressed a belief that a biography of the illustrious Passionist would be well received. In justice to the future biographer, the present writer feels he should hasten to end these sketches. One or two more articles must suffice to outline his Catholic life.

The Appeal of Jesus Crucified



The articles in this section, while intended primarily for members of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion, will be helpful to all. They will serve as a guide to lead us to the Cross, there to learn the measure of Christ's love for us and to gath-

er strength against our own sinfulness. We ask all our readers to join the Archconfraternity. Its obligations are few and easy. Address **THE SIGN** for application blanks. Leaflets on the Passion supplied free.

BARABBAS PREFERRED TO JESUS

"The whole multitude cried out saying: Away with this Man and release unto us Barabbas."

It was a custom for the Roman Governor, on the solemn feast of the Passover, to release some prisoner whom the people might choose. Pilate, in the hope of liberating Jesus, Whom he regarded as an innocent Man, determined to take advantage of this custom. He accordingly offered the people their choice, not among many prisoners, but between Jesus and a certain public outlaw, named Barabbas—a notorious robber and murderer, who had recently caused a sedition or riot in the city. Addressing the people, therefore, Pilate said: "You have a custom that I should release

one unto you at the Pasch. Whom will you, therefore, that I release: Barabbas or Jesus, Who is called Christ?" For a while they seemed to hesitate. "But the chief priests and scribes and pharisees moved among the people and warned and threatened them and persuaded them that they should ask for Barabbas and make Jesus away." When Pilate, therefore, repeated his proposal: Which of the two will you that I set at liberty, Barabbas or this Jesus?—that whole multitude with one voice cried out: "Not this Man but Barabbas! Away with this Man and release unto us Barabbas!"

FIRST PART OF MEDITATION

(Considerations and Affections directed to Jesus)

CONSIDER THE CRIME OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE:—the blasphemy, the injustice, the ingratitude implied in their preferring a vile, sinful creature to the all-pure, all-holy Son of God. If even a saint, an angel, or the Immaculate Virgin Mary herself were preferred to Jesus, it would be a horrid insult and injury to Him. True, it was by the advice and example of their leaders, the priests and pharisees, that the Jewish people were persuaded to choose Barabbas, but this did not excuse them. They knew better—they knew on the one hand what sort of scoundrel Barabbas was, and, on the other hand, what a pure, holy, and noble character Jesus was. They had every reason for fearing and hating Barabbas, and every reason for trusting and loving Jesus. He showed Himself on all occasions their friend and they admitted it. "He hath done all things well." This was



the verdict passed upon Him by this very people.

They were to blame, then, for their horrid crime. They allowed themselves to be deceived and persuaded, they willingly closed their eyes to sane reason and consciously stifled the sense of justice to follow the promptings of vile passions. They deserved the awful reproach hurled at them later by St. Peter: "You delivered up the Son of God and denied Him before the face of Pilate, when he judged He should be released. You denied the Holy One and the Just and desired a murderer to be granted unto you, but the Author of Life you killed." (Acts III.) This was the horrid crime of which the Almighty had long before complained through the Prophet: "Hear, O ye heavens, and give ear, O earth, for the Lord hath spoken. I have

brought up children, and exalted them: but they have despised Me. The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel hath not known Me, and My people hath not understood. Woe to the sin-

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ful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a wicked seed, ungracious children: they have forsaken the Lord, they have blasphemed the Holy One of Israel, they are gone away backwards." (Is. I.) "Hearken, O House of Jacob, to whom have you likened Me and made Me equal, and compared Me and made Me like!" (Is. 46.)

Now picture this scene as if passing before your eyes: See Jesus as He stands on that outer balcony—meek and calm, modest and majestic, and behold at His side a dark, nervous, crouching, guilty wretch. Look at the tumultuous mob violently clamoring: Away with Him and release to us Barabbas! We choose Barabbas! Let Barabbas go free and let Jesus be put to death! Turn now to Jesus and pour out your heart. "My Jesus, what humiliation! what disgrace! I pity Thee, I sympathize with Thee! Oh, what must have been Thy feelings as Thou didst look out upon that heartless people and find not even one friend to speak in Thy favor and take Thy part. My Jesus, I will take Thy part. With profound faith and love, I cry out: Away with the guilty Barabbas and release the Innocent One!" (Repeat such acts as long as you experience fervor.)

SECOND PART OF MEDITATION

(Considerations and Affections directed to our own Spiritual Improvement)

CONSIDER THE MYSTERY: Like every other part of Christ's Passion, this Preference of Barabbas to Jesus has a profound significance and deep mystical meaning. It was decreed by God from eternity as a necessary part of that full atonement by which Jesus was required to suffer in those things in which men sin. Now, every sin is an act of preference by which man freely chooses the service of satan for that of the Almighty. "He that committeth sin," says St. John, "is of the devil." (I Joan 3). 'Twas he who tempted Mother Eve and who still tempts her children, so that in sinning, we obey and serve him. "You are of your father the devil and the desires of your father you will do" (Joan VIII), said Jesus to the Jews.

Barabbas was but a figure of satan who is the embodiment and impersonation of all that is foul and evil. The three crimes of which the Scripture accuses Barabbas—sedition, robbery and murder, are notoriously the crimes of Satan. He is the arch-rebel against divine authority; the thief who robbed the human race of sanctifying grace; the murderer

who caused our spiritual death. "Satan was a murderer from the beginning" (Joan VIII), says Jesus. The Jewish mob, swayed by passion, were but the representatives of the wicked world which has ever and will ever hate and reject Christ and adhere to satan. As each human soul begins its earthly existence, it takes its place in the midst of this wicked world, where agents of evil, like the Jewish priests and pharisees, move among the multitudes and by counsel and example urge men to choose Barabbas and reject Christ. As each child attains the use of reason, it must make its choice between Barabbas or Jesus—satan or God.

THE PRACTICAL LESSON, then, is that mortal sin is the rejection of the service of God for that of the devil—the preference of satan to Jesus Christ.

APPLICATION TO OUR OWN SOUL: My soul, which of the two have you chosen from early childhood to this hour: Jesus or satan? "Alas, my Jesus, how often have I allowed myself to be blinded by passion, and, stifling the nobler sense of justice, have followed the advice and example of the multitudes who reject Thee! How often have I by my sins cried out: Away with Christ and release to me Barabbas! Give me satan, give me a vile creature, give me the gratification of base passion! My Jesus, I regret and detest the blasphemy, the injustice, the insult and outrage and the shameful ingratitude of which I have so often been guilty. I have every reason for fearing and hating satan as my greatest enemy, and every reason for esteeming and loving Thee as my truest Friend. Not once, like the Jews, but hundreds of times over have I chosen this horrid murderer in preference to Thee. Far more guilty am I than the Jewish people because of my greater knowledge of Thee and my more abundant graces. I deserve that Thou shouldst reject me as I have rejected Thee, but oh, merciful Jesus, I repent and beg for pardon, and hope in the goodness of Thy Sacred Heart. Oh, help my weakness and set me free from the slavery of sin and satan!" (Continue in such acts as long as possible.)

FRUIT OF MEDITATION: To struggle manfully against my passions and avoid, at any cost, the occasions of sin.

EJACULATION: "My Jesus, give me the grace rather to die than to commit even one mortal sin."

The What-Not

The What-Not is in a special sense our readers' very own. In it we shall answer any questions relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish any communications of general interest to our readers. Com-

munications should be made as brief as possible, and should always be signed with the writer's name. No anonymous communications will be considered. Address THE SIGN, West Hoboken, N. J.

QUESTION AND ANSWERS

Please explain what is meant by "fixed" and "movable" feasts.—Maine.

The feasts of the Church which are celebrated on the same date each year are called fixed. Thus Christmas always comes on December 25th. Those which do not occur on the same date every year are called movable. This variation of time in their celebration happens because all center about Easter, which may fall on any date between March 22d and April 25th, inclusively. The method of reckoning the date of Easter has come down to us from the first Christians who were converts from Judaism. They had been accustomed to celebrate their great feast day of the Passover according to the time of the occurrence of the first full moon after the vernal equinox on March 21st. And they began to reckon their new chief festival of the Resurrection in the same way. Thus we now celebrate Easter on the first Sunday following the first full moon that comes after March 21st. Ascension Day, 4 days after the Resurrection, and Pentecost, 10 days after that, naturally depend upon the date of Easter. The time of Advent too is not fixed. It begins on the fourth Sunday before Christmas and this may occur as early as November 27th or as late as December 3d.

Can I have a Mass said for the soul of a deceased Jewish friend?—New York.

A private Mass can be recited for any person, living or dead, who is not known to be beyond the reach of God's mercy. It is proper, however, that the Church should not publicly offer the Mass for one who neither gives nor has given testimony of any desire to belong to her public visible communion.

If I give a pair of beads blessed for myself and used by myself to another person, can she obtain all the indulgences attached to them?—Mass.

Yes. According to the new code of Canon Law, such indulgences do not cease with the transfer from one person to another, as was formerly the case. The transfer may be in the nature of a permanent gift or a temporary loan.

How did the name Catholic come to be applied to the Church? What is its exact meaning?—Ohio.

The word Catholic is from two Greek words, meaning "throughout the whole," "universal," and is thus used by the old Greek and early Christian writers. It was but natural that the term should come to be applied to the Church which was to teach all nations

and to last for all days. And thus, almost from the very beginning, we find the title Catholic coupled by the Fathers with the word Church, to denote the Church of Christ. So it appears in a letter of St. Ignatius dated A.D. 110.

At first, however, the term was used not only to designate the universal local extension of the Church, but also to mark that "she teaches universally and without curtailment all the truths of faith which ought to be known to men, because she brings under God's yoke all races of men, because she heals all kinds of sins and nourishes every form of virtue." (St. Cyprian of Jerusalem, A.D. 347.)

It was not until the Church's struggle with the Donatists in the fourth century that the full theological significance of the title as applied to the Church to-day was brought out, especially by St. Optatus and St. Augustine. This is the idea of Catholicity in the sense of "local diffusion." Thus the Council of Trent declared, "The third mark of the Church is that she is Catholic, that is universal." And justly is she called Catholic, because as St. Augustine says, "She is diffused by the splendor of one faith from the rising to the setting sun." Unlike republics of human institution or the conventicles of heretics, she is not circumscribed within the limit of any one kingdom, nor confined to the members of any one society of men, but embraces within the amplitude of her love all mankind, whether barbarians or Sythians, slaves or free-men, male or female."

Will you please tell me what is meant at Ten-ebrae services, when all the lights but one are extinguished, and that one is removed and then brought back upon the Altar?—New York.

The extinguishing of the candles during the Ten-ebrae (darkness), one being put out after each Psalm that is chanted, marks the spirit of the Church during this time of sorrow and desolation. The topmost candle, representing our Blessed Lord, is not extinguished, but is removed to signify His death. The earthquake which occurred at that time is symbolized in the noise made by the clergy with their books. The hidden candle is then brought forth and replaced on the candlestick as an emblem of the Risen Savior.

I have had a friendly dispute about the relative importance of Easter and Christmas. Which of the two Feasts do you consider the greater in the eyes of the Church?—New York.

Although, of course, the two Feasts are inseparable, it seems to us that, without detracting from

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the happiness of Christmas, the more important in the Church's eyes is Easter Sunday. It is called in the Church's Martyrology "the solemnity of solemnities," and whereas the number of Alleluias in her Divine Office averages eight daily, at Eastertide we find as many as one hundred and eighty-five. As Fr. Rickaby remarks: The Church is almost boisterous in her expressions of joy. Christmas marks the beginning of our Lord's visible work upon earth, but Easter signifies its glorious fulfilment. Even with all the joy that Christ felt in His sacrifice, we cannot forget that Christmas saw Him a poor, helpless Infant, about to begin His life of suffering, while Easter terminates all His sorrows and commemorates His triumph and eternal glory as the Son of Man. Without the Resurrection, Good Friday would destroy all the happiness of Christmas, and would make the Church, deprived of the living Christ, a headless impossibility. Without His risen Body there would be no Holy Eucharist, no Mass.

Indeed, but for Easter, we would be undone, we would of all men be the most miserable.

Will you kindly give me some idea of the origin of the Passionist habit?—Mass.

In the life of St. Paul of the Cross we read that one day in the summer of 1720 (he was then 36 years of age) the saint returning from church was wrapped up in an ecstasy. In this he saw himself clothed in a long black tunic, with a white cross on the breast of it and the sacred name of Jesus in white letters underneath. Shortly afterwards, the Blessed Virgin appeared to him and showed him the same habit, except that now to the word Jesus were added XPI PASSIO. And finally, the Mother of God again came to St. Paul, herself clothed exactly as the Passionists are to-day. The first Passionists went bareheaded and barefooted, but the Holy See soon prevailed upon them to wear biretta and sandals.

COMMUNICATIONS

St. Mary's Convent, L. I.,
March 2, 1923.

Rev. and Dear Father:

I received both your kind letter and the leaflets. I appreciate the fact that you have sent me so many. I myself have a great devotion to St. Gabriel, which I received while reading his life.

To me St. Gabriel seems to appear so real; a saint that can be "imitated" rather than admired only. Since he was so ordinary and so young you can readily comprehend why I am trying to be one of his apostles.

The favors which have been obtained through his intercession may not appear very great to some—no—not even to you, yet to those whom they benefited, they were no small matter.

One of our own Sisters who has been ailing for some time, became so sick that absolutely nothing would remain with her. She was greatly troubled with nausea. The doctor doesn't seem to find out the cause of this trouble. I decided to have her make a novena, with me, to St. Gabriel. Before three days were completed Sister seemed to get better and all pain ceased. Before the novena ended these vomiting spells ceased and Sister was and is able to eat quite well. She has had no other attacks. . . .

A woman whose two sons were out of work, came to me and told me her tale of woe. She has one little girl who seems to be quite pious. To her I gave the prayer to St. Gabriel, and told her to make a novena. She started. Four days after she came running to me in church telling me her two brothers were promised good positions. The novena ended, but I told her to make another. Her prayers were heard for both boys have been working ever since.

Now Father, what do you think of these? Are they worth while? You know best.

SISTER M. M.

Newport, Ky.

Sir: There is a certain Man of God who keeps this maxim, neatly framed, in a conspicuous place on his desk: "Don't take yourself too seriously!"

It would be hard to say just how much of a factor this maxim has been in producing the Man of God. This much, however, is certain; a sense of humor—the ability to stand apart and give our own foibles the benefit of a quiet, indulgent smile, is as much an asset in the spiritual life as in any other sphere of life.

Would it be far-fetched to say that humor is closely allied with humility: and humility is truth; and therefore . . . (Shades of Aristotle! do not mind the logic!) as Gilbert K. Chesterton says: "Seriousness is irreligious. Or, if you prefer the phrase, it is the fashion of all false religions."

The best comedy is the comedy that takes itself seriously. But why is it that we are thrown into convulsions by the movie actor who comes through the most ridiculous situations with that terribly serious expression; and we do not even smile when a serious scientist like Mr. Edison wanders into the realms of theology and says: "There is no God"; when H. G. Wells writes fiction, and believes it; when Rupert Hughes—that serious enemy of reformers—tries to reform the reformers.

Have we lost our sense of humor? Or is it that we become alarmed when we see these naughty boys using deadly weapons for playthings?

At any rate, it is a hopeful sign when a sport writer asks Dr. Coue what would happen if a Coue pitcher were to face a Coue batter at a critical moment in a crucial series?

Sincerely,

R. F. G.

With the Junior Readers



of The Sign

Glorious Wounds

Vaughn Devlin

"Till my hand I have placed in His Side,
And the place of the nails I behold,
I will not believe," thus replied
Saint Thomas in words seeming bold.

Our Savior, though, does not disdain
To yield to so bold a demand;
Shows the tokens of love that remain
In His Side, in His Feet, in each Hand.

While Saint Thomas emboldened did pray
That our Lord his strange doubt satisfy,
'Tis revealed that He pleadeth alway
With His radiant Wounds upon high.

While Thy five Wounds like rosy suns shine
And to men plenteous healing bring,
Enough—in Thy Hand I lay mine,
And wear to be true to my King.

Repenting at Leisure

THE Austrian people are very sorry there ever was a war. In their present poverty and distress they recall the bright days when they were secure in the pursuit of happiness and their livelihood. One of the statesmen, reflecting on the misfortunes of his country, makes this strange statement:

"It was the telephone that did it. Its workings with Berlin and St. Petersburg ruined us. Instead of writing old-fashioned notes, which would have given us time to think, we telephoned and—lost our heads."

Here is a warning for all impetuous people addressing those who provoke or disagree with them. Yielding to impetuosity, they utter words which often they would pay dearly to recall.

We are reminded how often our Lord had His patience tried by the insulting and calumnious remarks of His persecutors. And the Gospel adds, "but Jesus was silent." Golden silence that saved even the guilty ones from having much more to answer for!

A harsh word is uttered in a moment, but it often begets sorrow and remorse that endure for years.

The Mass Again

HE was a Judge of the County Court in Brooklyn, and a dear friend of mine was his attendant. "Do you know," said the Judge, "I live only a few doors from a Catholic Church, and often on particularly disagreeable Sunday mornings, I lie in bed listening to the thousands outside, tramping through rain or snow to be present at Mass. And I am forced to admit to myself that there is some powerful attraction in your churches, which can draw these throngs from home, Sunday after Sunday, in all kinds of weather, on the one day of the week when they can enjoy a luxurious rest."

And surely it is a powerful attraction—this same Mass, which drew the early Christians, at the risk of death, down into the bowels of the earth in the catacombs of Rome. For it is the Mass which keeps the Son of God always in our midst, as truly as He walked the earth centuries ago. The poet Lowell, one of the same religious belief as the Judge, summed up the truth of this mystery when he said: "The key to the Catholic Church's power lies in the belief in the Real Presence."

If only our thoughtful jurist could have accompanied the great Montalembert to a Mass heard at Blarney Castle during a trip to Ireland, no doubt he would have been far more impressed by the power of this 'attraction.'

"The Mass this day," Montalembert tells us, "was being celebrated in a stone, thatch-covered hut, which was too small to hold the crowd of worshippers. Many consequently had to remain outside in the pouring rain, but within the hut it was almost as bad, for there

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were neither seats nor pavement, and the congregation knelt on the damp and stony earth floor. At the moment of the Elevation, all suddenly fell prostrate, with their faces to the earth. And after the priest rode away, many of the adorers remained kneeling for some time in the mud, unwilling to leave abruptly the spot just hallowed by the real presence of the Son of God."—A Brooklyn Reader.

Famous Pictures

In the story connected with the painting of the Last Supper in the March SIGN, that painting was said to be considered the most famous in the world. That great artists find their best inspiration in subjects connected with our holy religion may be inferred from this list of the fifteen greatest pictures selected by a competent judge:

1. "The Last Judgment," by Michael Angelo, Sistine Chapel, Rome.
2. "The Sistine Madonna," by Raphael, Dresden Gallery.
3. "The Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci, Santa Maria Convent, Milan.
4. "The Crucifixion," by Tintoretto, San Roco, Venice.
5. "Aurora," by Guido Reni, Respighiosi Palace, Rome.
6. "The Descent from the Cross," by Rubens, Antwerp Cathedral.
7. "Madonna and the Four Saints," by Titian, Dresler Gallery.
8. "Syndics of the Cloth Hall," by Rembrandt, Amsterdam Museum.
9. "Immaculate Conception," by Murillo, the Louvre, Paris.
10. "The Virgin and Child Enthroned," by Van Dyke, Vienna Gallery.
11. Portrait by Velasquez, Madrid Museum.
12. "The Setting Sun," by Claude Lorraine, Palazzo Sciarra, Rome.
13. "Ecce Homo," by Corregio, National Gallery, London.
14. "Coronation of the Virgin," by Fra Angelico, Uffizi Palace, Florence.
15. Portrait of Anne of Cleves, by Hans Holbein, Jr., the Louvre, Paris.

* * *

You should be ambitious to recognize copies of these great paintings and to know what they signify. We do not find in the foregoing list that familiar picture, "The Angelus," which inspired the poem, "The Man with the Hoe." A teacher was showing her class a copy of "The Angelus" and wanted to know what the man and woman were doing. The children apparently couldn't make out, never having read the poem or had

the picture explained. After many helping questions a hand finally went up. "I know, Teacher," said its owner. "Well, Johnny, what are they doing?" "Lookin' for potato bugs, Teacher," replied Johnny triumphantly.

Prize Composition

Gethsemane lies at the foot of Mt. Olivet close to St. Stephen's gate leading into Jerusalem, and the brook Kedron.

Gethsemane has a special interest for Christians. It was here that our Divine Savior suffered His bitter agony and entered on His Passion. After the institution of the Holy Eucharist, in which He deigned to become the spiritual food of our souls, He betook Himself to this grove and whilst His disciples remained a little apart, He divested Himself of all Divine Consolation, and prostrated Himself in prayer. In as far as He was truly man, He dreaded the sufferings He was about to undergo. He realized the enormity of the sins of the world, He had undertaken to expiate, and His heart was wrung with anguish at the thought of the futility of the Redemption to those who would spurn His gifts and teachings. So violent were the sufferings He endured that His Sacred Blood flowed freely from the pores of His Divine Person, and bedewed the ground around. Notwithstanding the weakness of human nature, love proved triumphant, and He determined to drink the bitter Chalice to the dregs, to open for mankind the gates of Paradise.

It was in this garden, too, that one of His disciples betrayed Him into the hands of His enemies, by bestowing upon Him the sign of friendship.

When we consider the sufferings of Jesus and the betrayal of Judas we ought to conceive a poignant sorrow for sin which demanded such an atonement and for such infidelities as wrought the downfall of His covetous disciple.

PETER J. CUSACK, JR.,

(age 12 years) 501 West 123d St.,

New York City, N. Y.

Corpus Christi School.

The foregoing composition on "Gethsemane" was chosen out of many that were equally good but much longer than allowed. The printer does not allow me space this month for an honor list or further comments, so I refer all those who wrote on Gethsemane to the May number of THE SIGN.

The subject for the next Prize Competition is "The Seven Words of Our Lord on the Cross." Give the words and your brief sentiment on each. Limit your essay to 350 words. Open to boys and girls of eighth grade or under. Send before May 10th to

Daddy Senn Fu,

THE SIGN,

West Hoboken, N. J.

With the Passionists in China

Latest Communications from Our Missionaries

Tid-Bits A La Ma Sen Fu

Fr. Kevin Murray, C.P.

THE first thing that happens to the newly-arrived Missionary in China is to have his name changed. He receives a Chinese name by which



he is to be known by those among whom he works. Since it is impossible to translate American names into Chinese, the Missionary selects a name

that resembles in sound his own or is given the name common to some family in China.

As at home, priests are addressed as Your Reverence or Reverend Father, so in China all priests are given the title, Sen Fu. Sen means spiritual, and Fu means father. What do you think of the names which we are called? Father Dominic is Lan Sen Fu, the Blue Spiritual Father (the color without the indigo feeling). Father Paul's name is U Sen Fu, Military Leader Spiritual Father. And I'm named for a horse, Ma Sen Fu, the Horse Spiritual Father. Must sound awfully funny to you, but one gets used to being called a horse.

"What's in a name?" Well, in China the title Sen Fu means a great deal. The greatest respect is shown to the Spiritual Father. The Catholic Chinese carry their respect for their priests to a point that seem to us almost idolatrous. When coming into the presence of the Sen Fu they genuflect on both knees and bow their heads to the ground. This is customary on meeting the priest after a long absence or before he departs for a long journey.

Our Chinese Catholics are deeply appreciative of the Faith. During our stay at Shenchowfu we had a practical proof of their appreciation of the gift of God, that might readily put to shame many Catholics whose Faith has come to them through generations of inheritance.

In order to assist at Holy Mass on Christmas the Christians from the outlying districts traveled two or three days' journey into Shenchowfu. This is but another illustration of our contention that the Chinese make excellent Catholics and that they are a people worth working for.

Shenchowfu, like many other cities of China, is surrounded by a wall. The purpose of this wall is to protect the citizens against enemy attacks during times of unrest. The wall that encircles Suenchowfu is now a relic of the past. It is fast crumbling away. The height of this barricade averages about fifteen feet, with a span of ten feet. The top of this wall offers a considerable change to the pedestrian in comparison to the ordinary streets.

Chinese cities have no such things as streets, that is, streets as known to us. Their thoroughfares are nothing different from alleys, lined on either side with all kinds of shops. There is no such thing as a sidewalk. A typical Chinese street might be compared to a market day, when everything seems in confusion.

Go the world over and poverty will be sure to find its place in suffering humanity. While we were not forced to witness the awful ravages of last year's scenes yet its effects were still visible, here and there.

The rice famine of a year ago, that nearly depopulated the Province of Hunan, especially the cities of Shenchowfu, Chenki and Yuanchow, is now an event of the past.

While, generally speaking, everyone has a sufficiency of the necessities of life, yet there are not a few who go about begging for food. Many of these might be styled an offshoot of the I. W. W. It is really a profession for them, to go about in this fashion. Their ragged appearance is certainly indicative of paupers. If work is offered them they refuse it, preferring to play the sympathy role. Every day many of these fakirs stand before the Mission Compound, crying out in pleading tones, so at least they seem to the uninitiated: "Lao Y fa tsi, Moi yiu fan chi." Which translated reads: "Honorable Rich Master, I have nothing to eat." The constant repetition of this cry is grating on one's nerves, and is capable of unnerving the strongest character.

Across the Yuan River from the Mission Compound, a mile or so to the northeast, on the summit of a mountain, is situated a Bonze Monastery, within a cluster of trees. The periodic toll of the bell in this monastery is heard day and night all over Shenchowfu. This monastery is one of the few remaining seclusions of the once powerful sect of the Bonzas. Nearly all their former monasteries are now used as barracks for the soldiers.

The ancient superstitions and ancestry worship practised by the Chinese are losing their grip slowly indeed. The worship of their ancestors is one of the most difficult barriers that a Sen Fu must contend against before he can admit a Chinese to the reception of the Sacrament of Baptism. Even after their baptism the priest must ever be vigilant lest his converts fall back into their former practices.

On the occasion of a death in the family, a variety of superstitions is performed. If the deceased happens to be a parent, the children really perform acts

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of adoration to the corpse. They genuflect on both knees and bow down their heads before the lifeless body. They inscribe on a wooden tablet the name of the departed, and adore the spirit, which they believe remains in the inscription.

While the corpse remains in the house, skilled mourners are engaged. These keep up their professional wailing until the body is removed to the cemetery.

The garb of mourning in China is white instead of our customary black. The principal mourner is entirely clothed in white, while the women simply wear a white veil over their hair.

It is not an uncommon sight in China to see in a corner of a Chinese home the coffin that is to receive the remains of some member of the family.

* * *

The Chinese have a custom of placing eatables on the graves of their departed, much the same as we place flowers on the resting places of our deceased.

This is another superstitious practice of the Chinese. They believe that the spirit of the departed one will need nourishment, so they endeavor to satisfy its wants.

In connection with this practice is the following story:

An anxious inquirer once asked a son of the Orient why his countrymen put eatables on the graves of their departed. He said that to his mind, it was absolutely ridiculous, for how in the world could a corpse eat this food.

The unexpected answer quickly returned to the inquirer in the form of another question: "Tell me," said the Chinaman, "why you Europeans put flowers on the graves of your dead? Is it because you think the dead come up to smell them?"

This Oriental did not realize that the practice of the American was simply done as a memorial of their affection for the soul of the departed and not a superstitious

practice as was the Chinese custom.

This custom while intended to satisfy the hunger of the departed, rather serves a more profitable use. For soon after the mourners return home, some half-starved Chinaman finds his way to the grave, and not giving it a thought as to whether it is stealing by taking the food from a corpse, he quickly devours it. There are not a few who actually keep their bodies and souls together by eating the food they find in the cemeteries.

Dodging Drops and Digging Dirt

(Fr. Flavian Mullins, C.P.)

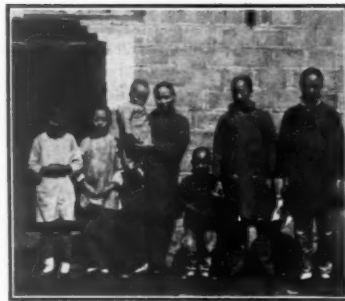
DOUTBLESS many of our readers are greatly interested in the progress of Father Flavian Mullins in his Mission at Supu. Father Flavian has been so intensely occupied with the many cares of his Mission that



he finds it very difficult to find time to write. We can appreciate, to some extent, how much work is entailed when he tells us there are

over 600,000 souls in his district and that less than 300 of this number have received the grace of Faith. In a hastily penned note he writes:

"Another few lines to let the readers of THE SIGN know that I am still alive and on the job in Supu. Just now it has been raining for the last four days and nights. Heavy rains are frequent here. They always mean trouble for me. I have been making efforts to 'keep out of the wet,' but with rather unsuccessful results. I am living in an old hut, through the roof of which the rain pours in. But I guess we will all survive.



SOME PARISHIONERS IN SUPU

The Chinese family with whom I am living take it with the greatest resignation. As the rain comes pouring in they simply move from place to place, seeking one dry spot after the other, until there are no dry spots left. But they never become impatient.

It is a characteristic of the poorer class Chinese that they never repair the old roof, even though they know it will mean a nice wetting when the next rain falls.

Of course, you no doubt know that all Chinese houses are left open over the middle. Just what was the original idea no one seems to know. I have frequently questioned them about it but cannot explain. This custom has come down through the ages and the Chinese of the present simply follow it.

Things are coming along fairly well. The work on the foundations for the Church of the Immaculate Conception and the house is slowly making headway. I have to be continually right on the spot. It is absolutely necessary to tell my poor, good-hearted Chinese every little thing to be done. We are all busy digging the foundations, and praying that God will inspire some kind benefactors who will help us rear these little edifices to the glory of Mary Immaculate.

My sincerest thanks to all those who have given me a helping hand in the work. God bless all my benefactors."

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High Hopes

Rev. Dominic Langenbacher

I FULLY realize that my very short stay with the Chinese justifies me in giving anything approaching a just estimate of their character. I can speak of them only as they impress me in the few months I have been with



them. I might sum up my own attitude towards them by saying that I cannot help but like them. And this liking, of course, goes a great way in encouraging me to work harder for them. There is about them a simplicity, a childlikeness, a straightforwardness that is charming and most appealing. It seems to me that the amount of good that can be readily accomplished among them is almost limitless. They take to us very kindly and are always ready with a smile or a laugh.

The non-Catholics are sending much money and many workers into China. It may surprise you to learn that about the time we landed here not less than forty-



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seven non-Catholic ministers, teachers, doctors and nurses came here from one place in Canada! The Chinese Catholics themselves realize that the main appeal of the Non-Catholics lies in their schools, their hospitals, nurses and physicians. Here in Shenchowfu they are building on the hill to the rear of us two large schools. Our very poverty and limited resources do not, however, discourage us. All that we need here to make our missions a great success is a band of devoted and enthusiastic missionaries. And by missionaries I don't mean priests only, but teachers, nuns and physicians. Some

day, and I hope that day is in the near future, we shall have a devoted body of nuns to work in these Passionist Missions as the Teresians are co-operating with the Maryknoll Fathers. Even now the Chinese Catholics outnumber the Chinese Protestants four to one. And these conversions have been made in spite of huge difficulties, our missionaries having nothing with which to dazzle or attract.

From My New Mission

(Fr. Raphael Vance)

SINCE my last letter to THE SIGN, I have had many and varied experiences. First of all I must say a word about the arrival of the new band of Missionaries from America. Being in Shenchowfu for a few months while Fr. Celestine was in Hankow and Shanghai on business, I had a good opportunity to make some preparations for the newcomers. Two



months previous Brother Lambert and myself had been planning the celebration we would give the new Fathers, and we indeed made great preparations at least for our part of China. We wanted to have a real "WELCOME Parade," in order to impress on the Chinese that more Catholic priests were coming to them, having left all for their sakes, and to make the Christians realize the importance of the event and to show their appreciation for so great a favor by publicly manifesting their gratitude.

As soon as I heard the new Fathers were in China, I started to drill the boys of the school for the parade. Not having any musical instruments, not even a drum, this was a pretty hard job. One of my friends, the General of Shen-

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Grateful acknowledgment is hereby made for donations received up to and including March 15th, for the Chinese Missions, and for the relief of the famine sufferers.

CIRCLE No. 6, 2.31; CIRCLE No. 9, 22.00; CIRCLE No. 10, 20.00; CIRCLE No. 18, 35.00. ILLINOIS: Chicago—J. C., 5.00; Peoria—St. P. Hosp., 62.00; Huntley—P. K. H., 1.12. NEW YORK: Brooklyn—Sr. H. I., 10.00; Buffalo—G. R. L., 1.00; Sr. F. C., 5.00; Dunkirk—Mr. R., 5.00; St. M. Sch., 24.99; Larchmont—Anon., .50; Anon., 5.00; Anon., .25; Miss M. McG., 1.00; New York City—Mrs. P. C., 5.00; Miss C. P., 3.20; Miss M. C., 3.40; Whitestone—N. J. R., 5.00. PA.: Archbald—R. B., 3.00; Greensburg—St. B. Sch., 1.04; Scranton—Miss M. C., 5.00; Sharon—Mrs. J. F. B., 5.00; Pittsburgh—St. M. Holy Childhood Ass'n, 1974.78; K. H., 4.00; K. H., 5.00; Sr. M. R., 5.00; Sr. M. R., 5.00; Mrs. E. S., 5.00; Philadelphia—Banks Nos. 234, 239, 221, 203, 19.10. NEW JERSEY: Atlantic City—Mrs. I. W., 2.00; Bayonne—Mrs. M., 1.28; Dover—W. M. G., 10.00; East Orange—Mrs. P. M. G., 5.00; Pallsade Park—M. L. L., 5.00; Weehawken—M. T., 1.09; West Hoboken—L. L. G. Club, 3.00; A. B., 2.50; Miss A. J., 5.00; Miss C. P., 5.00; M. G., 5.00; W. H., 5.00; Woodside—Mrs. P., 10.00; Jersey City—Anon., 2.00; Anon., 5.00; A. E., 5.30; Mrs. M. C., 5.00; Mrs. H. O., 1.00; M. G., 5.00; R. McA., 5.00; Mrs. H., 10.89; M. McF., 3.37. MARYLAND: Baltimore—M. R. W., 10.00; the Misses C., 40.00. MASS.: Brookline—C. C. W., 10.00; Chicopee—Anon., 2.00; Lynn—Srs. of S. J., 5.00; Randolph—Anon., 5.00; Roxbury—K. M. D., 20.00. N. DAK.: Carrington—M. L., .50. S. DAK.: Aberdeen—Mother R., 5.60; Deadwood—Mrs. A. E., 2.00. OHIO: Cincinnati—W. B., 50.00; Miss K. T., 5.00; J. L., 2.74; S. T., 6.00; Miss E. F., 2.30. OKLAHOMA: Tulsa—Mrs. T. H., 4.40. RHODE ISLAND: Jamestown—Mrs. H. S., 10.00; Pawtucket—Sr. A. M., 12.00; Sr. M. R., 20.00. WISCONSIN: Coleman—The M. Family, 6.00. BROOKLYN: G. S. Nuns, 32.94; Anon., 1.75. NEWARK: Mrs. B. G., 80.10. GRANTWOOD: Anon., 1.50.

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chowfu, sent me two bugles and two drums, in order to help me out. He also offered to send me a hundred soldiers with a band for the occasion. I was only too glad to have such an offer, for it would mean the success of the parade. A week before the arrival the men of the Mission had requested to be allowed to do something for the occasion. Only too glad to foster such a fine spirit, I called a meeting. A committee was formed and a popular subscription list was started.

Four days before the Missionaries arrived, decorations were started on the mission property. There was a beautiful arch about seventy feet long from the gate to the entrance of the house. This arch was artistically draped with white and yellow cloth, interspersed with evergreens and fancy Chinese lanterns. The entrance was adorned with two large Chinese flags, surmounted by the Stars and Stripes. On each side of the entrance was placed an ornamental Chinese sign. One was "American Sen Fus are Coming," the other, "Welcome to the New Sen Fus." Brother Lambert painted a large artistic sign "WELCOME," which was hung across the street and could be read two blocks off.

For two days we had a spy posted five miles down the river to watch for the boat that was bringing the Missionaries to Shenchowfu. At about ten A. M. December 4th, word was brought that the boat was coming. I immediately called the men and boys and formed them in line. At the same time I sent word to my friend the General to have the soldiers prepare. The boys were all dressed in blue Chinese clothes with a black cap with red button. All wore a Red, White and Blue badge to which was attached a large medal of St. Gabriel. Each also wore a large red paper rose. The boys carried flags, there were Chinese, American and Papal colors. When all was ready I, accompanied by two of the main men of the city, led the parade. We were met by

the soldiers and then marched to the Custom Landing, a distance of a mile from the Mission. We had only to wait about a half hour before the boat carrying the Missionaries pulled into dock.

When they landed they received a military salute from the soliders. Then my boys gave a "Three Cheers" and a "Welcome" to the Fathers. It was some task to get these little Chinks to say "Three Cheers," and "Welcome." They sounded like "Three Chairs" and "Wal-kum."

Then we started the parade back to the Mission, through the city of Shenchowfu. I must not forget to mention that we had fire-crackers,

and plenty of them, to be exact, 100,000. These were carried on long poles by twenty men. After the Fathers reached the Mission they gave their blessing to the Christians and then we proceeded to the church and sang a Solemn Te Deum. It indeed was a day of great rejoicing for all, but especially for missionaries of the first band. Our only regret was that all could not be there for the occasion, but to know that more of our own loved Brethren were now among us was a consolation and encouragement indescribable.

A few days after the arrival, I started for my own Mission of Chenki. There were several improvements that I wanted completed before Christmas. After four days in a san-pan, I landed at my mission twelve o'clock at night. The Christians were happily surprised the following morning to have Mass. Then some intensive work began. I hired about thirty men and started them in to work. Some were put whitewashing the house inside and out, others repairing and painting the chapel, and some carpenters started work on two altars. It was only on Christmas Eve that everything was in spick-and-span order.

And how shall I ever describe Christmas in Chenki, my first Christmas in China. Was it happy? Without doubt, the happiest of my life. For several days before the feast the Christians were coming in to the Mission from distant parts of my district. Over fifty persons approached the Sacraments. My little chapel was decorated with greens and the altars adorned with the best I had. The first Mass was at midnight, at which I preached my first sermon in Chinese. I shall never forget my first sermon. It surely was a very queer sensation. I am sure the SIGN READERS would have enjoyed hearing it. I cannot say just how my audience enjoyed it, though some of them said they understood what I said and congratulated me. But then the Chinese are the most flattering people I ever met. (to be continued)

A pious remembrance is requested in the prayers and good works of the readers of The Sign in behalf of the following, recently deceased:

Rev. Edw. F. Hannigan, Rev. Aug. Fricker, Rev. Jos. P. Brock, Mother M. Joseph Gorman, Sister Mary of St. Ignatius King, Sister Mary Isidore, Sister Mary Winifred, Cecelia Padelford, Mrs. C. M. Boland, Alice Murphy, Bertilla Baumann, Edw. Paulas, Mrs. Mac Keating, Louise Ungers, Mrs. Jennie B. Bridges, Honora A. Callahan, Miss Claire Cashen, James M. Donahue, Chas. McKeegan, Mrs. Hermina Taky, John Kinnelly, Edward J. Flynn, Mrs. Catherine Carroll, Ellen Hurley, Michael J. Henly, Edw. Cullen, Frank Farrell, Margaret R. Groenech, Mrs. Marjorie Malanphy, Miss Katherine Coonan, Kate A. Walsh, John H. Banker, Catherine Henchy, Miss Edith Elizabeth Keenan, Mrs. Esther Mahon, John B. Oelkers, Mrs. Elisabeth Neumann, Robt. F. Simpson, Jas. F. Hayes, Wm. H. Hart, Edw. T. Cody, Dennis Feeley, John A. Letch, Chas. H. Haden, Mrs. Mary Q. Ryan, Alice Jackson, John Cullinan, Dennis O'Connell, Ellen McKeon, Helen C. Waters, John A. Kelly, Miss Rose Fastook, Mrs. Catherine O'Brien, Mrs. Mary Streeter, Edw. Donahue, Catherine Thompson, Miss Margaret Martin, Jennie McAvoy, Mrs. Annie McGavock, Michael Kelly Jas. Gorman, William Driscoll, Francis J. Oser, Isabel De Choudens, Clement Stromberg, Jas. Hanlon, Mrs. Catherine Diemer, Mrs. Katherine Gell, F. Jos. Keegel, Mrs. Teresa Duff, Mrs. Cornelius Collins, Mrs. Eva Kuchner, Miss Mary McGann, Martin J. Ward, Mrs. Ann Spallen, Bridget English, Francis Gallagher, Helen Flannery.

May their souls, and the souls of all the Faithful Departed, rest in peace. Amen.

Index to Worthwhile Reading

Life and Letters of Janet Erskine Stuart. Maud Monahan. Longmans, Green & Co.; New York. Price \$5.00.

The life of a woman of whom an eminent Cardinal expressed the opinion, shortly after her election as Mother General of the Society of the Sacred Heart, that there was no one like her alive at the time, adding that perhaps there were two; of whom one distinguished Jesuit remarked that she was the most complete woman he had ever met; and another that her book, *The Education of Catholic Girls* revealed the mind of two men and a half, must contain abundant matter for a splendid biography.

Maud Monahan has carefully collected this matter and the result is a biography as unique as it is masterful, revealing as it does, the perfect woman, and one who, with Mother Cornelia Connelly and "Our Cardinal" makes an incomparable trio to whom Catholics the world over may point with pride.

Janet Stuart was a simple, clean-living, fun-loving, sport-loving, motherless Protestant girl until God, looking on her, loved her, and led her slowly but surely into the One, True Fold, and then into the hallowed precincts of the cloister, eventually placing her over 6,000 of his chosen spouses, the religious of the Society of the Sacred Heart.

Janet walked very quickly to the goal of perfection, but she walked most sensibly, most joyously, and it was thus she taught her spiritual daughters to walk. Her rare gifts of mind and heart mellowed with age, until, living in the Heart of God and in the hearts of her religious, she fashioned them as he would. Her definition of human nature, "Very frail, very loveable and with great possibilities for good in it" speaks volumes for the heart that was in her as well as for the magnetic power which she possessed over others.

As an educator, Mother Stuart stands in the very first rank. Her basic principle, to train souls for God and let Him do as He wills with them, certainly can never be improved upon; and her application of this principle, as well as all the other best proven theories of true, Christian pedagogy, to different persons, is explicable only by the rare wisdom that God gave her.

The book is much too long. Many of the letters are valuable only for the geographical knowledge and interesting small talk that they contain. They add nothing to the subject of the biography. Otherwise the author is to be congratulated for her really splendid achievement. She has drawn for posterity with a steady and true hand the portrait of Mother Stuart, in many respects another St. Theresa.

A Jesuit at the English Court. Sister Mary Philip. Benziger Brothers. New York City. \$1.25.

While St. Margaret Mary is known the world over as the chosen soul through whom "the love of the Sacred Heart was brought home to millions," Fr. de la Colombiere, who was intimately connected with her in the great work, is seldom heard of. Sister Mary Philip's well written biography of the saintly priest will do much towards making him better known and loved.

The authoress makes it very clear that Fr. de la Colombiere was not a "ready made saint", but that he "climbed, inch by inch, the steep path that leads to perfection" until he became, to quote St. Margaret Mary, "A man after God's own Heart".

The numerous quotations which the authoress culls from the saintly man's own writings give us a deep, true insight into his real self. They reveal a heroic soul whose ideal in life is one, and only one—sanctity at any cost. "Give us, O my God,

a new heart, pure and tender, neither of marble, nor of bronze, a heart in all things like to thine", manifest the life purpose of Fr. de la Colombiere. It was but natural that such a man should be chosen to be the first Apostle of devotion to the Sacred Heart. How he was thus chosen; how he consecrated all his splendid gifts of mind and heart, endured many and bitter trials, and co-operated with St. Margaret Mary in instituting the devotion to the Sacred Heart, is the interesting and edifying story that Sister Philip has to tell.

The title of the book seems rather ill chosen. The Apostle of the Sacred Heart, or some such similar title would have been much more appropriate.

"A Year's Thoughts." Collected from the Writings of Fr. William Doyle, S.J. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$1.75.

This is a book of extracts, compiled from the letters, diaries and retreat notes of Fr. William Doyle. The extracts are arranged so as to afford a new spiritual thought for every day of the year, and a short title is placed before most of them. The author is of the opinion that we must be "intellectually pious, that is, that our piety should rest on the bed-rock of principle, and not on mood, on sentiment, on spiritual consolation," and the daily thoughts which he offers for our consideration will help us to be just this—intellectually pious.

The deeply spiritual nature of this good Jesuit Father enables him to give a distinct flavor to the doctrine that he inculcates. Among other things, Fr. Doyle has some very practical reflections on "Worries," "Nerves," "Holy Follies," "Ginger-Beer Fervour," "The Heroism of the Humdrum," "God's Loving Refusals," and "God's Hand," "Like Wax in His Hands," "Keep Smiling," "Tiny Things," "Keep At It."

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR



THIS picture represents Christ knocking at a door. It is symbolic of any inspiration He sends to our heart to do a good deed. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." He may use anything as in inspiration. To some this page may be one of His inspirations. Every good work should have our hearty approval. It should also have our help, if we can afford to give it. To help the Chinese Missions is not to throw something to a begging charity. It is a high privilege. Please regard it as such!

In helping the Missions you are extending the boundaries of Christ's Kingdom, you are bringing His grace to souls for whom He died, you are supporting the arms of His unselfish Missionaries, you are storing up treasure for eternity, you are working with Christ, who deigns not only to accept your help but even to need it!

CATECHISTS

A Catechist is absolutely necessary in every Chinese village, where there are even only a few Catholics. His office is to teach Christian Doctrine, to preside at the public prayers when the priest cannot be present, to visit the sick, and baptize the dying. The sum of \$15.00 monthly will support a Catechist and permit him to give all his time to the work of the mission.

MISSION-CIRCLES

A Mission-Circle is a group of persons who are interested in the missions and who contribute a definite sum every week for the missions. A Senior Circle is composed of men and women. A Junior Circle is composed of boys and girls. Why not start a Circle to-day. Write for further information.

OUR MISSIONARIES

Passionist Missionaries now laboring in China are:

Father Dominic Langenbacher
Father Celestine Rodden
Father Agatho Purtill
Father Raphael Vance
Father Paul Ubinger
Father Kevin Murray
Father Flavian Mullins
Father Timothy McDermott.

Designated gifts and contributions for individual missionaries will be promptly forwarded.

MITE BOXES AND DIME BANKS

An easy way of helping the Missions is to patronize the Mite-Box or Dime-Bank. Coins dropped into these will not be missed. We have one ready for you. A card will fetch it by return mail. Write the card now!

BUILDINGS

Buildings are urgently needed in the Passionist Missions in Hu-

nan. Approximate cost of building:

A CHAPEL \$500.00
A SCHOOL 1000.00
AN ORPHANAGE. 5000.00

Donors have the privilege of naming the building. What an honor to be allowed to erect a

home for the Blessed Sacrament, or a school where Christ's religion is taught or an institution where the poor, the sick and the orphan are cared for in His Name! What better memorial to a deceased father or mother!

BRICKS

You may not be able to donate the money for an entire building. You can contribute to one. How about buying some bricks. They're cheap.

ONE BRICK = ONE CENT!

TRIP-SPONSORS

Trip-Sponsors pay the traveling expenses of Missionaries from America to China. Expenses amount to about \$500.00. In a few months we shall have at least four more Missionaries going to China. Who will be the first Trip-Sponsor?

BABIES

You know what a Baby is. But (thank God!) you are not familiar with starving and abandoned Babies. These are very common in China. An abandoned Baby can be rescued for \$5.00. A starving Baby can be fed for \$5.00 a month. "As long as you did it to the least of My brethren, you did it unto Me!"

NO POCKETS

It is a great mistake to give nothing because you can give only a little. Give what you can. Make the most of your best. And—Now! There are no pockets in the shroud. We carry no worldly goods into eternity. Nothing but our souls!

ADDRESS

Please address all communications about the Passionist Missions in China to

THE SIGN

The Passionist Fathers
West Hoboken, N. J.

HERE AND NOW!

We all wish to do something for God and Souls.

The difficulty with many of us is that we don't know how.

On this page you will find some helpful hints. Read them carefully.

We are not ignorant—we know the True God. Help to bring the knowledge of Him to the pagans of China!

We are rich—none of us is starving. Give something to feed the famine-stricken poor of China!

We have all the treasures of our Catholic Faith. Do something to bring that Faith, with its blessings, to the unfortunate Chinese!

Thoughtlessness and forgetfulness are the main reasons for many a neglected opportunity.

We often dream of doing big which we'll probably never be able to do; and we fail to do the many little things that we can easily do.

If your means are limited, don't think about building a chapel or school or orphanage. Just send us a nickel or a dime to buy a few bricks!

Every gift to the Missions, no matter how small, will be gratefully received.



During the past month many have asked for Dime Banks or Mite Boxes. Did you forget to ask? It is one way of helping the Chinese Missions.



THE SIGN
West Hoboken, N. J.

Please send me **Dime Bank** for the Chinese Missions
Mite Box

(NAME)

(ADDRESS)



THE CHRIST OF LIMPIAS
(Reduced)

Have You Secured Your Plaque?

We have just received a new supply of these beautiful plaques of the Christ of Limpia. We have had to wait months for this shipment but for your sake we have been willing to wait in order to give you the benefit of a very fine article.

Send in your renewal before the new supply is exhausted. Tomorrow may be too late.

In order to receive this plaque for yourself the renewal of your subscription must reach us within thirty days of expiration date stencilled upon the wrapper on your copy of THE SIGN. Thus if your wrapper reads JAN. 23, renewal must reach us before February the first. The numeral stands for the year so that 23 means 1923.

THE PASSIONIST FATHERS.

RENEWAL

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY AND STATE _____

Date _____

Dear Rev. Fathers,

Please enter my name on your list of subscribers for the coming year and send me one of the plaques of Limpia.



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174-500

NEW

A Stitch in Time

Careful mothers are ever on the lookout for signs in their children of disordered helath. Yet there is a sign of disordered foot health that many mothers neglect—that of turned ankles.

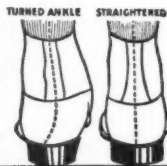
Turned ankles are a sign of weak or falling arches; a corrective is needed. Coward Arch Support Shoes are made especially for that purpose. They support the arch firmly, keep the ankle straight and help restore the bones of the foot to normal.

Look for that danger signal—turned ankles—today. If you see it, write for our catalog.

JAMES S. COWARD
260-274 Greenwich St., N. Y.
(Near Warren St.)
Sold Nowhere Else.



The
Coward
Shoe
MADE IN U. S. A.



KNOWN FROM COAST TO COAST

Yates

An Eating Place of Exceptional Merit

Moderate prices for the market's best. Clean and wholesome food served neatly and quickly.

Regularly patronized by hosts of men and women who know good food and appreciate low prices.

Banquets and Special Dinners Arranged

Joseph P. Morrissey 43rd St. at Times Square
Manager Forty-five steps from Broadway

Telephone Bryant 9775

JUST OUT

FATHER LASANCE'S NEW PRAYER BOOK

My God and My All

A PRAYER BOOK FOR CHILDREN

By

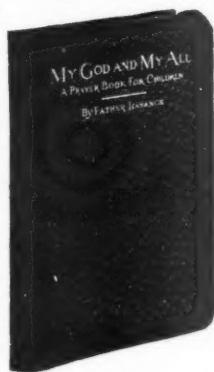
Rev. F. X. Lasance

Author of "My Prayer Book" etc.

Oblong 4½ x 3 inches. 224 Pages.

Father Lasance has crowned all his efforts in the writing and compiling of prayer books with this labor of love for the little ones and has appropriately named it "My God and My All," which was the favorite aspiration of St. Francis of Assisi.

This beautiful child's Prayer Book, with its graceful and generous sized type so needful to the eyes of children, its handy size, attractively illustrated and substantially bound in a variety of styles to suit many tastes, is offered at prices remarkably low for such a handsomely made book.



PRICES AND BINDINGS

		Net Prices to Priests and Retail Religious	Lots of 100
174-2001	Black Cloth, plain edges, gold side title	\$0.35	\$0.28 \$25.20
174-2001W	White "	0.35	0.28 25.20
174-2012	Black Im. Lea., seal gr., limp rd. covs., gold edges	0.70	0.56 50.40
174-2012W	White "	0.70	0.56 50.40
174-315S	Persian Morocco, limp, gold side, gold edges	1.25	1.00 90.00
174-301S	White Persian Morocco, gold side, gold edges	1.50	1.20 108.00
174-5090	White Cell., col. picture cover, gold edges	1.00	0.80 72.00
174-5090F	Same with Crucifix and indulg. prayer inside	1.35	1.08 97.20

ESTABLISHED 1792

BENZIGER BROTHERS

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CHICAGO, 205-207 W. Washington Street

NEW ENGLAND'S LEADING CHURCH GOODS HOUSE

Importers and Dealers
in Ecclesiastical Wares
of Every Description

We Specialize on
Mission Supplies

Matthew F. Sheehan Company
17-19 Beach Street, Boston



Artistic and Devotional Crucifixes

The Crucifix is the most valuable article of devotion for personal and home use.

No Catholic should be without a Crucifix to be constantly carried on the person.

Nothing is so inspiring in the home as an image of Christ Crucified. We have been fortunate in securing at very reasonable prices a supply of artistic and devotional Crucifixes.

They are made of the finest genuine ebony wood with figures of silver oxidized French grey.

They will be sent postpaid on receipt of the price.

We are so sure that you will be pleased with any you buy that if you are not satisfied you may return it at our expense and we shall gladly refund your money.

No. 8. Size 8½ inches 1.50

No. 10. Size 11 inches 2.25

These Crucifixes can be blessed with the indulgences of a Happy Death and the Stations of the Cross.

THE SIGN, West Hoboken, N. J.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION OF

Highland Trust Company of New Jersey

Cor. Summit Avenue and Demott Street
AT TRANSFER STATION
WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

At Close of Business, December 30, 1922

RESOURCES

Stocks and Bonds	- -	\$1,780,911.36
Mortgages	- -	1,060,203.41
Loans (Demand and Time)	- -	155,850.00
Bills Purchased	- -	783,625.17
Banking House	- -	85,241.22
Furniture and Fixtures	- -	1.00
Cash on Hand	- -	69,514.90
Due from Banks	- -	252,434.18
Accrued Interest	- -	31,287.05

\$4,219,068.29

LIABILITIES

Capital	- - - -	\$300,000.00
Surplus and Profits	- - - -	103,571.34
Deposits	- - - -	3,815,496.95

\$4,219,068.29

Trust funds are kept separate from the assets of the Company

A Banking House of Merit

OUR
FRIENDLINESS
AND
HELPFULNESS TO
OUR PATRONS IS
A VALUABLE
ASSET NOT
LISTED

2% Interest
Allowed on Check Accounts

4% Interest
Paid on Special Accounts

BUSINESS FIRMS and
INDIVIDUAL ACCOUNTS
CORDIALLY INVITED

All business entrusted to us will
receive prompt and accurate
attention

OFFICE HOURS:
Daily from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
Saturdays, 9 A. M. to 12 M.
Monday evenings, 6 P. M. to
8:30 P. M.

CORRESPONDENCE
SOLICITED

